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By William Longmire

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The Rev. Mr. Rogers  
with kind regards  
from William Longman

JOURNAL  
OF  
SIX WEEKS' ADVENTURES.

LONDON:  
Printed by, SPOTTISWOOD & Co.,  
New-street-Square.











JOURNAL  
OF  
SIX WEEKS' ADVENTURES  
IN  
SWITZERLAND, PIEDMONT,  
AND ON THE  
ITALIAN LAKES.

BY

W. L. AND H. T.

W[illiam] L[euzmann], H[enry] T[rower].

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JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, 1856.

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LONDON:  
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## P R E F A C E.

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THE following pages contain an account of six weeks spent very happily. They were written from memory, refreshed by reference to my letters, immediately on my return home. The pleasure of writing this little account has been very great: the scenes were vividly recalled to my mind, and in imagination I almost lived again in the Alps. If the narrative of our adventures gives my friends half as much pleasure as the mere writing about them has given me, both they and I shall have ample reason to be satisfied.

[William]  
W. L. [Longman]

September 4, 1856.





# JOURNAL

OF

## A SWISS TOUR.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### LONDON TO THE SPLÜGEN PASS.

ON Wednesday, June 25th, 1856, I and my friend H. T. left London on our way to Switzerland, having taken our places by Folkestone, Boulogne, and Paris, to Strasburg. We started by the twelve o'clock train from London Bridge, arrived at Folkestone, and, after a pleasant passage across the Channel, reached Boulogne about five o'clock. We had taken care to be encumbered with but little luggage, and shouldering our knapsacks, which contained all our *impedimenta*, we marched off to the Custom House, delighted that we were not troubled with the ponderous baggage of many of our fellow passengers. The ex-

amination of the knapsacks was soon over. Some little inquiry was caused by the appearance of a new pair of waterproof leggings, and a new writing case; but after a little demur, they were allowed to pass without payment of duty.

While waiting for the train we dined at the station, and then taking our seats in the Boulogne and Paris Railway, we commenced our foreign tour.

The country after leaving Boulogne seemed uninteresting, but the shades of evening soon shut it out from our view. We stopped a short time at Amiens, and reached Paris about midnight. Having secured rooms at the Hotel du Chemin de Fer du Nord, which is situated close to the terminus, we soon reached our quarters for the night, and it was not long before we were in bed. The only advantage of this hotel is that it is near the railway, but it is a great inconvenience that all refreshments have to be obtained at a café. The following morning, Thursday the 26th, we got up about five o'clock; and as the train was to start at seven o'clock, immediately we were dressed we went out to a neighbouring café to breakfast. We made the mistake of taking rather a solid English breakfast, which we were obliged to consume hastily. This was a mistake we did not repeat, for we soon found that a very light early repast of café au

lait, with bread soaked in it, and a solid meal in the middle of the day, was the best system for travelling and strong exercise. Before the train started we were asked whether we would breakfast at Epernay, as it was the custom to telegraph the number of passengers who would there partake of the table-d'hôte. We of course answered in the negative, and we then saw we had commenced our day on a different plan from our fellow passengers. This never answers. On their arrival at Epernay our companions delighted themselves with cheap champagne and other delicacies. The cheap champagne was probably no loss, but we found that the intervals for meals were arranged on a system which did not altogether correspond with an English breakfast at six o'clock.

We reached Strasburg about five o'clock, dined at the table-d'hôte, and then strolled about the town. We were too late to enter the cathedral, but we were much interested with its external beauty and the elegance of its lofty spire, and were much amused at the exceeding grotesqueness of some of the carvings over the porch.

Having arranged to go by railway to Freiburg, and thence through the Höllenthal, instead of entering Switzerland by Basle, we crossed the Rhine on

the following morning (Friday the 27th) to Kehl; and, as the Rhine here divides France from Baden-Baden, our passports were looked at and our luggage examined before we passed over the bridge.

We left Kehl by the railway about eight o'clock, in a second-class carriage, which we found quite comfortable. The distant view of the mountains of the Black Forest renders the journey to Freiburg interesting and agreeable, especially to those travellers who are approaching Switzerland for the first time. The imagination is excited by the anticipation of grander scenes to come. The situation of Freiburg at the entrance of the mountains is striking, and the general appearance of the town, with its beautiful cathedral, is picturesque and somewhat romantic.

We had made up our minds that an essential feature of our Swiss tour was to be a very full use of our walking powers, and we knew that some of our intended excursions would require "good condition." We had therefore settled that the "Höllenthal" should be our first pedestrian journey, and thus serve as our training ground. We reached Freiburg about eleven o'clock, and, on making inquiries, we found that "Höllsteig" was the furthest point we could reach that evening. We accordingly settled to walk there after



an early dinner. My knapsack was rather too heavy, weighing about twenty pounds, independently of a thick Scotch plaid, which added four pounds to the weight. My companion's was about ten pounds lighter. I thought that the old saying about "prudence, &c." had some sense in it, and therefore did not hesitate to engage a man to carry my knapsack for me, but my friend's greater powers and lighter burthen enabled him to dispense with such assistance. Our plans, however, were soon a little changed, and considerably improved, by an unforeseen arrangement. While dinner was preparing we walked about the town, and went into the cathedral. We there met two German gentlemen, who were also traveling through the Höllenthal to Schaffhausen, and who inquired whether we were willing to join them in a carriage. As we knew that it would be a needless expenditure of time to walk from Höllsteig to Schaffhausen, we agreed to do so, telling them that we intended to walk to Höllsteig, and that consequently we would commit our luggage to their care to that village, and that we would there take supper together.

We returned to the inn to dine, and about half-past one o'clock we set off on our first walk. At starting we made a slight detour. We ascended a

hill, called Schlossberg, close to the town, from whence there is a very fine view of the mountains on one side, and the extensive plain on the other. The afternoon was very fine, but extremely hot. On leaving Freiburg the road ascends continually, but very gradually, for a considerable distance; and indeed, until the Höllenthal itself is entered, the ascent is hardly to be perceived, unless you look back, and you then see your starting point at a considerably lower elevation. The road is pleasant, being through a rich valley, with bright streams and wooded mountains on each side, and the higher mountains, in the midst of which lies the Höllenthal, before you.

After about three hours we were both ready for a halt, my companion observing that after three hours' walking we were entitled to a rest. Many a time afterwards when, after three or four hours' walking, we found we were as fresh or fresher than when we started, we recollected our first rest. However, on this occasion we were not in hard condition, and were glad to sit down on logs of wood by the side of the road. A clear stream rushed by us and furnished us with a most welcome draught, rendered safer and more refreshing by the admixture of a little brandy. A pipe succeeded, and certainly contributed to our

refreshment. We offered some tobacco to a peasant who was at work, with some companions, mending a bridge over the stream, and we were much amused at his puzzled look. None of them had a pipe, and, although we were smoking, he seemed to have no idea that the tobacco was intended for that purpose. At last, his patois being an unknown tongue, he made signs of inquiry as to whether he should put the tobacco in his mouth. We rescued it from this ignoble end, and one of his companions preserved it for future use. After about half an hour we again started. We had reached Himmelsreich at the entrance of the Höllenthal.

On recalling to memory the scenery of this valley, after traversing the grandest districts of the Alps, we still remembered it as very wild and striking. There is not the sublime height and depth of the Via Mala, Val Tournanche, and many other glorious scenes; but there are yet sufficiently high and precipitous rocks, pine-clad mountains shutting in the narrow valley, and disclosing continually fresh views, combined with clear rushing torrents, to render the scenery highly interesting and picturesque. It is a fine introduction to scenes of a similar nature, surpassing it rather in degree than in character. The only, and it must be admitted irreparable, deficiency is the absence of the

snow-clad mountains, towering, with their everlasting silver mantles, far away towards the skies.

We reached Höllsteig about seven o'clock, our German friends not having arrived; and, as we were a good deal fatigued, while waiting their arrival, we lied down to refresh ourselves with a short nap. Our friends soon arrived; we supped, and retired to rest. We found the hotel "zum Sternen," very comfortable.

On Saturday morning, the 28th, we started about eight o'clock in the carriage with our German friends. One was a stout, good-humoured man, between fifty and sixty years of age, from Rostock, and the other a little man from Hamburg: they both spoke English well. We walked a good deal, starting at the foot of the hills, which were here very steep; and as we thus gained considerably on the carriage, we were often enabled to get well ahead.

We passed the Titti-see, a beautiful lake, the charms of which no subsequent scenery has effaced. The beauty of the day added without doubt to its usual loveliness. Not a cloud was to be seen, and not a breath of air was stirring. The surface of the lake was consequently undisturbed by the slightest ripple, the water was as clear as crystal, and the wooded banks were reflected so clearly in the water, that it was difficult to determine where the water ended and the land

began. And even when the mind became convinced which was earth and which was water, it was still difficult to believe that the reflected bank was not a subaqueous forest, hanging down gracefully into the depths of the water, and tenanted by myriads of happy creatures rejoicing in their beautiful home.

On reaching Lenzkirch, where the horses were to bait, we strolled about to see some of the sights of this little village. Though situated in a wild district, it has manufactures of considerable importance. There is a large straw hat manufactory, employing 500 hands, where the most delicate plaits are made. The factory was still when we were there, as all the work-people are employed in the fields in the summer. We went over the warehouses, as our German friends wished to equip themselves with straw hats. The little man from Hamburg soon suited himself to his entire satisfaction, and evidently considered his appearance was not a little improved by his new purchase. Our stout friend unfortunately could not find a hat sufficiently large for his capacious head. We then went to a clock manufactory, where most excellent clocks, many of which are handsomely mounted, may be had at very reasonable prices. The "Actien Gessellschaft für Uhrenfabrication in Lenzkirch, Baden," is well worthy of a visit, especially if room can be found in

one's house for a handsome clock. We then went on to Bonndorf, where we dined. The inn was humble; we dined in a large bed-room, but we fared very well, and had a very merry dinner, much amusement being excited by the extreme partiality of our stout friend for salad. It must be admitted, however, that we all partook of this refreshing food in about equal proportions. Our stout friend declared we should consequently be taken for Frenchmen; and, on starting, our driver told us that such was the conclusion at which the landlord had arrived. At this inn, and at every inn amongst the highest mountains, however small, we were always provided with napkins.

Pursuing our route we arrived at Weber's Hotel at Schaffhausen about seven o'clock. This hotel faces the falls, which are considerably beneath it. The first view from the terrace at the back of the hotel, where the falls suddenly burst upon you, is very striking. After a few moments, however, one cannot help feeling some disappointment at their apparent want of height. They look like a very fine rapid, with certainly a magnificent dash into the river beneath; but the height, which is not above sixty feet, hardly equals expectation. It is recommended to approach the falls from the other side, in order to prevent any feeling of disappointment; but this feeling

is so entirely removed when the falls are seen in close proximity, that it is doubtful whether the mind is not even better prepared for their proper appreciation by the previous depression; at least so it appeared to us.

We took a boat and crossed to the opposite side, gradually becoming aware that the falls were really a mighty cataract. We landed at the foot of the rock, at the top of which is situated the old castle, built at the very edge of the falls, and now modernised and inhabited by an artist. We climbed up the steep path, and went through the house to a little room commanding a view of the rapids above the falls, and of the first dash over the precipice. The water is here above twelve feet deep, and so clear that every stone in the bed of the river can be distinctly seen. The mighty dash of the torrent over the precipice, broken about into a multitude of smaller falls, and divided by the two islands, before it makes its principal leap, is very striking. We were fortunate in the amount of water being unusually large. An iron flag is fixed in a now inaccessible position, which was left almost dry in a winter about ten years ago. We then descended to the second point of view, which is, on the whole, the most striking of all. A gallery is built out, half way down the rock, where you stand under

the fall, which apparently dashes at you, and the occasional splash of the spray in one's face is quite startling. The mass of water and its *apparently* irresistible might are here fully appreciated, and amply repay any previous disappointment. The might compared with man's might is, indeed, not only apparently, but evidently immeasurably irresistible; but when compared with other works of nature, the mighty torrent seems to vex itself in vain, and its furious impetuosity appears like ungovernable rage chafing at its inability to overcome opposition. The rocks in the middle of the stream, against which it has probably dashed for countless ages, are only slightly worn away, and evidently yet have power to resist for ages still to come the vain fury of their untiring enemy. At the foot of the falls is another gallery, which trembles with the force of the torrent, and where the spray dashes so thickly and continuously over the gallery, that the waterproof provided for the visitor is a very welcome protection. This view is very striking; but the middle gallery, commanding as it does the rush from above and the dash beneath, is, on the whole, the most remarkable. We returned to our boat amply compensated for any disappointment which might have been excited by the first impression. Many persons depreciate the falls of Schaffhausen;



but the man is to be pitied who cannot see in them much to admire, and to impress the mind with a sublime sense of grandeur and beauty.

On Sunday morning, the 29th, our German friends came early into our rooms to take leave of us, our stout friend, between whom and ourselves had sprung up a mutual regard, showing evident regret at the parting. We soon followed, and started about eight o'clock in the diligence for Zurich. We occupied the banquette, and enjoyed our ride very much. There is nothing striking in the scenery, but it is all pleasant and pretty. Though the weather was fine, the atmosphere was not clear enough to see the Swiss mountains. The approach to Zurich itself is pleasing, and the houses look comfortable, and as if they were inhabited by people who had means to make them so. Such, indeed, is the character of the inhabitants of Zurich. They are rich, very speculative, and at present seem to be afflicted with a considerable amount of *tête montée*. This little failing was lately rather ludicrously exhibited on the occasion of the opening of the Zurich and Winterthur Railway. The imaginative Zurichers contemplate a future when their then happy city shall be the centre of the world. They believe that they are to be in the highway to Italy, and consequently to the East; that England is to pass

through her on her way to India ; France on her way to Egypt or Turkey ; and, in short, that all nations must pay them a passing tribute. Being firmly convinced of the truth of their anticipations, it was but natural that they should wish to embody them in a present visible shape. With this view they expended some thousands of pounds in getting up a grand tableau vivant of all the nations of the world, who walked in procession to the railway station, where one day such a procession was to be no mere mockery. Among the representatives, those of the English nation must have been the most laughable. An English gentleman and his wife, or rather, two sanguine Zurichers so attired, were attended by a neighbour "got up" as an English groom in leathers and top-boots, who walked behind them. All the pretty girls of the various nations were represented by the best-looking youths of the town. The masque is over, but the belief, or delusion, still remains, and, whether realised or not, will still work benefit to all, whether Zurichers or foreigners, by promoting commerce, intercourse, and civilisation.

We took up our quarters at the Hotel Baur ; and the day being intensely hot and oppressive, as if a storm was in the air, we stayed at home till our dinner was ready. We had arrived just too late for

the table-d'hôte. After dinner we went out with the intention of attending the evening English service. We were, however, wrongly directed, and were unable to discover the church. The *patois* of the inhabitants is so unlike pure German, that to understand or make oneself understood was equally impossible. Most of the persons to whom we addressed our inquiries apparently understood that we were asking for the *theatre*, and directed us accordingly. We then strolled about, but the atmosphere was too hazy to see the distant views, and we therefore probably did not fully appreciate the merits of Zurich. We had a pleasant row on the lake in the evening, after seeing the sunset from the so-called "Botanic Garden."

On Monday morning, June 30th, we went on board the steamer about eight o'clock. We were soon surrounded by guides anxious for an engagement. One, named Aplanalp, seemed likely to suit us, and we accordingly told him that if he liked to meet us at Andermatt, on the chance of our taking him, he was welcome to do so. He said he should not fail to be at the *rendezvous*. We had a pleasant steam up the lake, which still struck us as pretty, but not much more. On approaching Smerikon, however, the view of the mountains of Glarus on the right, and of the "Sieben Churfürsten" on the left of Lake Wal-

lenstadt, gives considerable beauty and grandeur to the scenery. At Smerikon we left the steamer and got outside the diligence for Wesen. The road is very fine, being through a valley with high picturesque mountains on each side, among which ruins of old castles are very numerous. On approaching Wesen the first view of snow mountains is obtained,—Glärnisch, between 9,000 and 10,000 feet high, being then in sight. The first view of everlasting snow is very exciting, the smallest patch at a great elevation being observed with the greatest interest; and when an opening in the clouds, or a turn round some intervening peak, discloses a larger tract, it is eagerly watched till it is again hidden from view. Such were our feelings at the entrance to Lake Wallenstadt. We went on board the steamer, and were glad to find that dinner was prepared on deck, and that consequently that necessary occupation was not to deprive us of a view of the scenery. We became better acquainted with a Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, whom we had met on board the Zurich steamer, and who we found were travelling to Italy by the same route as ourselves. The scenery of Wallenstadt lake is very fine, and differs entirely from any of the other Swiss lakes. The Uri end of the Lake of Lucerne bears the greatest resemblance to it, but it is less wild. On our right

were the Glarus Mountains, and on our left the jagged peaks of the "Churfürsten:" on both sides the mountains descend precipitously to the lake, and numerous beautiful waterfalls elegantly enliven the desolate grandeur of the scenery. High up among the mountains we here began to see those enchanting green pastures called "Alps," where the cattle are led for their summer holiday. The châteaux are of course their necessary accompaniment; and it adds much to the interest of the scenery to see the numerous and picturesque abodes of the cowherds scattered about on such lofty elevations. We disembarked at Wallenstadt, and went by extra post to Ragatz, the road continuing for the whole distance of the same picturesque character. I was so charmed with the scenery, that I confess I was continually tormented with the idea that nothing to come could equal, or, at any rate, surpass it.

The storm which had been threatening the previous day came on, but we escaped the worst of it. We arrived at Ragatz about seven o'clock; and before reaching the hotel we met Mr. Neuendorf, our stout German friend of the Höllenthal. He was on his way to see the Baths of Pfäfers, was delighted to meet us, and received us with open arms. We agreed to accompany him, and having secured our rooms, we rejoined him.

He had taken one of the very peculiar little carriages which are used for the road to Pfäfers. They are very low, and carry four persons under a kind of canopy, with blinds on the four sides. The road is most remarkable, being through a very narrow gorge between the mountains, with a rapid torrent rushing at the bottom. The baths are attached to an hotel situated nearly at the end of the gorge; and a more melancholy, dispiriting abode, for the two or three weeks necessary for the baths to produce their effect, it would be difficult to imagine. Hemmed in by high mountains, rising closely on each side, there is of course no view; and the only walk is down the gorge, with an occasional diversion to the right or left up the sides of the mountain.

In addition to supplying the baths at Pfäfers, the water is also conveyed in a pipe to Ragatz, with but little diminution of temperature; and many people, therefore, prefer staying there, at the excellent hotel, to remaining in the dreary abode at Pfäfers. This year, however, the water had diminished in quantity, and many a wretched patient, who had intended staying at Ragatz, was condemned to move on to Pfäfers.

The reason why the spring sometimes diminishes in quantity is not known with certainty, but it is

found that usually a scarcity of snow produces that effect. Last winter there was less snow than usual. It is mysterious and striking that the snow should find its way down to some dark depth, there to boil and reappear in an isolated little spot, again close to the snow, prepared at a fit temperature and with new powers to rescue man from the ills which flesh is heir to.

We went over the baths, drearily oppressed with the cheerless, sunless aspect, and with the air heavily laden with the smell of damp linen. The melancholy-looking patients, too, impressed one forcibly with the unhappy fate of those condemned to such an abode. Hope, however, illumines the darkest cell, and doubtless the hope of being relieved of some painful disease by a few weeks' imprisonment, causes a patient to look at such a prison with very different eyes from a visitor. The hot spring is situated at some distance above the hotel, after passing which the gorge becomes exceedingly narrow, the rocks nearly, and in some places quite, meeting over head and forming a natural bridge. The torrent, which rises in the glaciers beyond, continues to rage at the bottom of the cleft. The hot spring rises in a little basin in a small cavern, not many yards above the glacier torrent, but quite distinct from it. The

cavern is closed with a door which is kept locked. The springs have been known for some centuries, and patients were formerly let down into the gorge by ropes. Having entered the cavern, and drunk some of the water, we walked back to Ragatz, supped, and arranged to post with the Edwardses the next day as far as Lake Como.

On Tuesday morning, July 1st, we started for an exploring walk about half-past eight o'clock, it having been arranged that we should be back by eleven to set off in the carriage with our friends. We wished to see the village of Pfäfers, which is situated on the mountain, high above Ragatz. We went up the valley of the Tamina, which is the name of the Pfäfers gorge, and, after proceeding some distance, crossed the stream to the left, over a slight bridge. This conducted us to what is called "the Goat Path," a romantic path creeping up the steep side of the valley. On reaching the top, we had left the village of Pfäfers between us and Ragatz; but, as we wished to explore as far as possible, we turned to the right towards the mountains. We walked for some distance, having a splendid view of Monteluna on our right across the valley, and the Calanda range on our left. The scenery was so grand, that we were unwilling to return, especially as we found that we



might without difficulty have walked on to Reichenau, which was on our intended day's route. Our engagement, however, precluded the possibility of this, and we very unwillingly turned our faces towards Ragatz.

We inquired the way of a little boy in the mountains, and having obtained all the information it was in his power to communicate, we offered him some money, which we had some difficulty in persuading him to accept. When we reached more *civilised* regions we found a sad contrast to this agreeable simplicity. We had a beautiful walk through pastures, covered with multitudes of gay flowers, to the remarkable village of Pfäfers. Amidst the wooden châlets one is surprised to see a very large building, looking quite out of character with its humble neighbours. This was formerly a rich convent or monastery, but is now an asylum for the insane. We descended to Ragatz, and proceeded with our friends, leaving the hotel at twelve o'clock.

We dined at Coire, passed through Reichenau, and reached Tüsis about seven o'clock. The road was extremely fine the whole way, especially about and after reaching Reichenau, from whence the view back commands the snowy mountains of Glarus. The grand scenery surrounding us made us much regret we had not been able to finish our walk to Reichenau. Coire

is well situated, appears to be a place of some importance, and fine views are to be obtained from a hill in a kind of garden just out of the town. From Ragatz to Reichenau the road ascends the valley of the Rhine, but at that point it enters the valley of a branch of the Rhein called the Hinterrhein. The road between Coire and Tüsis is very interesting, from the number of ruined castles which crown every commanding eminence.

At Tüsis the approach to Italy becomes apparent: many names over the shops are Italian; the streets and houses have lost the Swiss character, and approach the Italian style. The *salle à manger*, too, of the hotel being separated from the house, and consisting of a large isolated room, well protected on three sides by Venetian blinds kept closed over the open windows, contributes to the southern and *al fresco* character. It is nevertheless a wretched place. It was half burnt down last year. The old houses are dirty and miserable-looking in the extreme, and the new white houses have a dull look about them. The town is, however, well situated at the entrance of the Via Mala, and commands fine views on all sides.

Before entering the Via Mala the road crosses a bridge over a mountain torrent, the Nolla, which well deserves the name of "bad water," or "*böses*

*wasser*," which the people generally apply to such streams. It has a bed evidently ten times too wide for it in ordinary times, but also evidently at other times only sufficient for its furious, devastating, and one is almost tempted to say, wicked course. When we saw it, although the streams generally were full, the bed of the river consisted of a widespread scene of desolation, with the deep and rapid stream rushing through a narrow course.

On the opposite side, just facing the town, but separated from it also by the Hinterrhein, and situated in an angle formed by that river and the Schein, is a fine and very lofty rock, crowned with a ruin, and called "Hohen Rhatten." We were anxious to ascend it, but it is entirely inaccessible on all sides but one, which could be reached only by crossing the Hinterrhein. This would have been a considerable detour, and we found we had not sufficient time to make the excursion. It is said to command a very fine view up the Via Mala, and evidently such must be the case. We therefore went out for a walk up the hills behind the town, and at length found our way through a very picturesque but wretched-looking village, to a church finely situated, from whence the views were very beautiful. The appearance of strangers, especially in such "marching

order" as we presented, brought a great collection of children round us, and one of the peasants soon followed them. We entered into conversation with him, and he accompanied us for a considerable distance. He told us he was very poor, and his assurance to that effect was easy to believe; but when we offered him money for the trouble he had taken in showing us the way, he refused it, and his feelings were so evidently hurt that the base coin was quickly returned to the pocket. He took us to see a small plot of ground which he possessed and cultivated on his own account, and he told us he had two or three cows, which were gone with the others to "The Alps" for their summer pasturage. We inquired about the system on which the cows were kept and the produce accounted for. This differs entirely in one place from another; but, in this neighbourhood, he informed us that each cow had its name or mark, that there was one attendant for every twenty-five or thirty cows, who had to keep a daily account of the quantity of milk yielded by each cow. From this account each proprietor calculated what should be his proportion of the cheese and butter produced. He made out a rough account to show us the Alpine system of "single" and "double entry."

On Wednesday morning, July 2nd, we started on

foot, about a quarter past seven, for the Via Mala, having arranged that if the Edwardses overtook us we should get into the carriage. The walk through this grand gorge was very delightful; we were charmed with the magnificent height of the rugged precipices overhead, and the awful depth at which the Upper Rhine rushes through the bottom of the ravine. We walked on under the shade of the precipices without fatigue for about three hours, by which time we had emerged from the Via Mala. We then sat down by the river, took a couple of rolls out of our pockets, soaked them in our little tin mug filled from the clear stream, mixed with a slight dash of brandy, and ate them with great gusto. We then proceeded, and as the carriage did not overtake us till we had nearly reached the village of Splügen, we asked our friends to proceed without us and order dinner. At the entrance of Andeer the road passes under an arch, by the side of which is a wall painted in fresco to resemble an arch, and a landscape seen through it. The deception from a little distance is very complete. We reached the village of Splügen soon after twelve, dined, and started again. We rode a short distance in the carriage, and then got out and walked to the top of the pass. It was the first time we had been actually on the snow, which of course produced a little agreeable

excitement. The scenery was wild and desolate, but grand, and the view looking back to the distant Glarus Mountains was very fine. We were delighted with the beautiful gentians and other flowers growing close to the snow, and we here for the first time met with the lovely Alpine rhododendron. We soon outstripped the carriage, and consequently had to take refuge from a thunder-storm, which came on just as we reached the summit, in a little house at the top of the pass. The thunder reverberated grandly among the mountains; and when the storm was passing away, the sun broke out, showing a beautiful rainbow below us.

The commencement of the descent on the Italian side is wild and desolate, without the fine features of the northern side. We soon reached the custom-house, where luggage and passports are examined; and a dreary place it would be to be detained at or turned back from, which would infallibly be the case if the passport was not *en règle*. The German and French languages here gave place entirely to the Italian. We were much struck with the number of waggons, heavily laden with great bales of cotton, which we met going into Switzerland. It is evidently a pass much used for mercantile traffic. After leaving the Custom-house the scenery soon improves. The

descent is very rapid, and the views into the deep valley some 1400 or 1500 feet below, with a very precipitous descent, are very fine and somewhat terrible. There are numerous galleries built over the road, each some hundreds of feet long, to protect it from avalanches and falling rocks. The road generally is protected from the precipice only by a stout railing, which, in one place where the road was mending, was wanting, and the view down into the valley was rather alarming. We were not sorry to reach the foot of the pass, and as subsequent events showed us that accidents might happen in such places, our satisfaction at our safe arrival was not altogether groundless.

On our descent we passed the fine cascade of Pianazza, which has an unbroken fall of nearly 800 feet, and the volume of water at the time of our visit was considerable. We walked on to a gallery which is built out from the road to the very edge of the cataract, and commands a grand view of it. When the river reaches the valley it is seen flowing through it like a silver thread. There are fine views of the waterfall at every turn of the zigzag road descending into the valley.

The men, women, and children are very perceptibly handsomer on the Italian than on the Swiss side of the Splügen, and the character of the vegetation is

also strikingly different. The fir and pine soon give way to the Spanish chestnut, growing luxuriantly among the rocks which are scattered over the whole surface of the valley. Among other Italian characteristics must not be forgotten the appearance of the campaniles or bell towers, the elegant form and white colour of which add considerably to the beauty of the landscape.

We reached Chiavenna between seven and eight o'clock, and found ourselves unmistakeably in a more southern clime: frescoes everywhere, tiled floors to the rooms in the inn, and walls painted to imitate paper. The climate too showed some of the violence to which southern regions are subject, for at night the rain descended in such torrents, and with such a noise, as is never witnessed in our own country.

Chiavenna is grandly situated among the mountains, and would doubtless amply repay exploration; but we arrived too late, and were obliged to start too early the following morning, to enable us to see anything but the town itself.



## CHAP. II.

## THE ITALIAN LAKES.

ON Thursday morning, July 3rd, we set off for Colico, on Lake Como. The drive was charming; the vegetation, the lizards on every stone, darting in and out of their holes, and the profusion of beautiful butterflies\*, all showing that we were in a land more favoured by the sun, than on the north of the Alps. It is worth while to dash into Italy, even for only three or four days, to see and enjoy the different climate. We reached Colico about twelve o'clock, expecting that a steamer was just about to start for Menaggio, which was our destination. We found, however, that there was no boat until about three o'clock; so, making a plunge into talking Italian to the motley group of boatmen, drivers, and people belonging to the inn, by whom we were surrounded, and who each had his own peculiar interest, we

\* *Papilio Machaon*, and *Podalirius*, and *Vanessa Antiopa* were very common.

inquired what would be our best plan. It was open to us to wait for the steamboat,—in which case we should spend more time and money at the inn,—to take a carriage to Varenna, and thence row across to Menaggio,—in which case the drivers would have the best of it,—or at once to embark in a boat for Menaggio,—when the *batteglieri* would have it all their own way. The idea of some little romance being connected with the boat on Como rowed by three or four Italians, and sitting under a canopy, carried the day; and we accordingly had to exercise our limited knowledge of Italian in bargaining for terms. At length we settled to give ten francs, and while the boat was getting ready, we took some refreshment, bade adieu to the Edwardses, stepped into the gallant, or rather cranky, boat, and off we went in great spirits. The day was lovely, the lake as calm as an infant's sleep, the scenery enchanting: we managed to talk Italian enough to have plenty of fun, and, in short, "all went merry as a marriage bell." The scene soon changed. As we got out further into the lake, we found a strong wind against us, which made the rowers rather to puff and to blow, or at any rate to work very hard. We took down the canopy, to make the passage easier. The wind, however, increased, the waves rose, the boat-

men saw a storm coming, and said we must get into some sheltered nook. We accordingly pulled in-shore, anchored to a rock, covered the boat, and the storm came upon us. It did not last long, and we again set out, painfully contending against the adverse wind. The boatmen pulled, or rather pushed, for such is the mode of rowing both in Italy and Switzerland, but the progress made was very slow. We crossed to the other side of the lake, so as to get under the wind, but without more success, and at last we determined either to get on shore and walk, which the boatmen said would save time, or to wait for the steamer. We fortunately decided for the latter, for we subsequently found that if we had walked, we should have had to cross two mountains. The steamboat soon came up, and we went on board, much to the amusement of our friends the Edwardses.

We landed at Menaggio, and took a one-horse vehicle to Porlezza, on Lake Lugano, where we arrived about seven o'clock, after an extremely beautiful drive. We there found an English gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Shrewsbury, who, like ourselves, was about to proceed to Lugano, and we therefore agreed to travel thither with him. There is no road by the side of the lake, and no steamer on it; our only and very agreeable mode of travelling, therefore, was to

take a row-boat. Before starting, our passports had to be *viséd*, an operation which was repeated once or twice before we reached Lugano. We were much charmed with the beauty of the lake, which was no doubt much increased by the quiet evening light, but it appeared to us that it must at all times possess great beauty. There is a fine view of snow-clad mountains to the east, and the banks have much beauty of form. Monte Salvatore, a mountain of inconsiderable height, and of very easy ascent, at the west end of the lake, is said to command a very fine view of Monte Rosa and the Bernese Alps, but our time did not admit of our ascending it. We took up our quarters at the "Albergo del Lago," a large rambling hotel, which was formerly a monastery.

The following morning, Friday, July 4th, we started about eight o'clock, in company with Dr. Kennedy and a Mr. Winterbotham, whom we had met at the hotel, on our way to Luino. The drive was very pretty, among vines, mulberries, and Indian corn, with beautiful flowers and insects\*, and nightingales singing in almost every bush. We arrived at Luino about twelve o'clock, and had time for dinner before the departure of the steamboat. Our attendant maid

\* A beautiful species of *Trochilium*,—a kind of moth which resembles hymenopterous insects—was extremely abundant.

was a very pretty and extremely coquettish Italian, with a beautiful figure, and long dark eyelashes fringing those organs which her countrywomen so well know how to use, and in which knowledge she was not at all deficient. Her attentions to some of our party were the source of much amusement at the time, and subsequently.

We went on board the steamer with very indefinite plans as to our place of abode for the night, but we had some idea that we could see the Borromean islands, and return to sleep at Bellinzona. Mr. Winterbotham, however, having proposed, that if we would sleep at Stresa, he would go with us the following day to Bellinzona, and join us in posting over the St. Gothard to Andermatt, we agreed to adopt this plan. We determined to land at Isola Bella, and, after seeing that far-famed little island, to take a boat to Stresa. The fates had ordered otherwise. Shortly after leaving Pallanza, we saw a storm coming, and it was not long in reaching us. The thunder and lightning were very frequent as it approached. It quickly and very suddenly came upon us. Immediately it reached us we were enveloped in a violent hail storm. The smallest of the hailstones was of the size of a boy's marble, and many were much larger. The stones descended with such rapidity that they inflicted con-

siderable pain through the clothes, and so thickly that in a few seconds the deck of the steamboat was entirely covered with hail. It was like a shower of bullets. The storm lasted about half an hour: the atmosphere became so thick and dark, and the storm was so violent, that it was impossible to put out passengers at either Isola Bella or Stresa, and we consequently went on to Belgirate. The storm ceased as suddenly as it came on. When it was over, many large basketfuls of hailstones were swept up, to be used as ice. While the storm lasted, the thunder was continuous.

About two hours afterwards, a violent storm of rain came on, accompanied with unceasing thunder and lightning. The rain ceased in about an hour, but the lightning continued very vividly during the whole evening, illuminating the opposite side of the lake, at Pallanza, so brightly that every house could be seen.

We landed at Belgirate, and walked back, about four or five miles, to Stresa. Before entering the hotel our friend Mr. Winterbotham, who had been living for some months in Italy, informed us that in Italian hotels it was necessary to bargain for everything beforehand. We left this not very pleasant arrangement to him, and he came to an understand-

ing with the landlord what we were to have, and what we were to pay for every meal. Notwithstanding this precaution, when we went away the following day we found it necessary to dispute some of the charges. Our subsequent experience of some of the Italian hotels showed us that Mr. Winterbotham's system was not an unwise one. After engaging rooms, we hired a boat for Isola Bella and embarked on the lake. We had hardly landed when the storm recommenced, but fortunately the hail was changed to rain; but it was rain of a southern character, and the thunder was almost unceasing: hence we saw the island under unfavourable circumstances. The flowers and leaves were scattered about as if it were autumn, and the water poured down the terraces in torrents. Making, however, every allowance for these drawbacks, it appeared to us that the island was indebted for its celebrity in no wise to the arts of man, but solely to its magnificent position. The gardens, walks, and terraces had a very trumpery aspect.

We returned to our hotel and sat down to the agreed supper, which was sufficiently meagre. The rain had ceased, but the brilliant lightning continually illumined the houses on the opposite side of the lake, showing them as bright as day. Before going

to bed, we made arrangements for the ascent of Monte Monterone the following morning.

On Saturday, July 5th, at half-past six, we set out on our intended expedition.

It was fortunately a splendid morning after the storm, but we everywhere saw evident traces of the devastation of the hail. The trees were stripped of the leaves almost as much as after a windy day in autumn; the corn, vines, maize, and hemp were cut to pieces. The line of the storm was well marked. Within a few yards might be seen complete destruction of the crops on one side, and on the other every leaf as uninjured as if no storm had passed by. We saw several heaps of hailstones about three feet deep, which had apparently been swept together.

The path leading to the ascent turns out of the main road, which skirts the lake, between Stresa and Baveno. After passing through a few fields and small clusters of houses the path enters a wood, where the walking is sufficiently rough, but not very steep. After leaving the wood our path lay across grass slopes. The ascent for the greater part of the way was easy, but the last third of the distance was very steep climbing; and as we approached the summit we entered a dense thicket of low bushes, through which it was difficult to force our way, and where the heat was



stifling. We were not aware we were so close to the summit; but within a minute or two after emerging from the bushes, the view from the summit suddenly burst upon us. It was so unexpected and so grand that its effect was really almost overpowering, and we involuntarily uttered exclamations of wonder. Monte Rosa was exactly opposite to us, looking gigantic, as bright as silver, and seeming so near that it was some time before we could be convinced that it really was Monte Rosa. The whole of the Monte Rosa chain, Weiss Thor, Cima di Jazzi, and beyond these again the Jungfrau and other mountains of the Oberland, were seen perfectly clearly on the right; while on the left a vast chain stretched away till the Apennines were lost in the distance. At the foot of the mountain, a little to the left, lay the beautiful little Lago d'Orta; behind, and to the right, Lago Maggiore appeared like several small lakes, and beyond this again were the great plains of Lombardy. In this direction the distance was rather hazy, and therefore Milan was not to be discerned: when, however, the atmosphere is clear, it is said that that city can be so distinctly seen that a plan of its streets has been made from the summit of the mountain. We remained at the summit enjoying the wonderful view for two

hours, and unwillingly tore ourselves away from the enchanting scene; but we had a long day's journey before us. The duration of our tour was limited, and we had the glories of the Oberland, and above all of Zermatt, in anticipation; we therefore could not remain longer on the summit, nor could we spare time to visit the interesting towns of Orta and Varallo. We had ordered a carriage to meet us at Omegna, on the Lago d'Orta, and therefore descended on the opposite side of the mountain to that by which we had ascended. We were in high spirits, and soon outstripped our guide. He was a strong man of about fifty, but was loaded with a burden of coats, &c., which gave us an advantage over him. He was tanned as dark as chestnut, and his short muscular frame looked exactly like an old gnarled oak. I have no doubt that in consequence of our acting as our own guides we took a short cut; but it was a very rough one, for it was literally through a succession of dry beds of torrents. The view of the Lago d'Orta at our feet was very lovely; the flowers on the mountain side were beautiful, and in great profusion; the Turk's head lily was in great plenty, and a very large orange-coloured lily was also tolerably common. We arrived at Omegna, took some refreshment, and got into the

carriage *en route* for Stresa. On our way we again came on the line of devastation traced by the storm of yesterday. We dined at Stresa, at the inn where we had bargained; battled successfully with our landlord, who, notwithstanding his wish to get the wrong side of us, was rather a jolly good sort of fellow, and then departed. We got into a boat with a large number of other passengers bound, like ourselves, for the steamer up the lake, went on board, and had a beautiful steam to Locarno. The upper part of the lake is particularly fine, the mountains being of a grander character than at the southern end. We reached Locarno about eight o'clock, and immediately proceeded by the diligence to Bellinzona. It was too dark for us to see the scenery, but the whole journey is known to be very grand, and Bellinzona itself is finely situated among the mountains. Before going to bed we arranged with the landlord for a carriage and pair to take us over the St. Gothard pass to Andermatt, changing horses at the proper places, for 65 francs.

## CHAP. III.

## BELLINZONA TO LUCERNE.

ON Sunday morning, July 6th, we were called about five o'clock, and about half-past six we started. Our hard day's work yesterday made us rather sleepy, and we all occasionally lost a little of the scenery. After some distance the chestnuts disappeared from the mountain sides, and were replaced by the towering pines, the perfect adaptation of which to the rugged mountain scenery strongly impressed us. The greater part of the way, as far as Airolo, is very grand and wild. We were much struck with the beauty of a fall, close to the road, which we passed. One rainbow was displayed in great perfection, and a second appeared with considerable distinctness. At Airolo we dined ; and as the ascent of the pass commences just out of the village, we rode in the carriage only till we were clear of the houses, and then set off on foot. We commenced through a meadow of most

luxuriant grass, filled with a profusion of flowers of every hue, then passed through some woodland scenery, and afterwards continued up the wild bare mountain to the top. At one of the wildest points, it was very striking to see the single wire of the electric telegraph stretching high above us from lofty rocks on one side of the road to lofty rocks on the other. The labour and difficulty of establishing the line must have been very great.

Towards the summit of the pass the road was cut through snow fully twenty feet deep, and the cold was excessive. We had long outstripped the carriage, and on our arrival at the summit we went into the inn—"The Hospice," a most monastic-looking place—to get some refreshment: we were glad to be sheltered from the cold. A more wintry, and I may add dreary, but still grand scene, than that of the summit of the St. Gothard, with its cold-looking lake, it would be difficult to conceive. When the carriage was ready to start we set off to walk to warm ourselves, and the air and scene gave us all the impressions of a bitterly cold wintry morning in England. When we got into the carriage we huddled up under a very thick Scotch plaid, and yet were miserably cold. The St. Gothard is a grand pass, but rather dreary on the northern descent. We

reached Andermatt about seven o'clock in the evening. After securing our quarters at the very comfortable inn, the "Drei Königen," our first inquiry was whether anything had been seen of a guide named Aplanalp. This was the guide whom we had met on board the Zurich steamboat. Just at this moment he appeared before us as if we had called him up by magic, for the waiters had that moment informed us they had heard nothing of him. The meeting was a very joyous one on both sides;—on ours, as it was the commencement of our long-looked-for Alpine adventures, and on his, very naturally, because he had caught his birds. We were two or three days behind our time, and he had become anxious, and had been telegraphing about to endeavour to discover traces of us. We immediately set off for the Devil's Bridge, singing, shouting, laughing, and making the old mountains ring again. The enormous masses of perpendicular rock in the neighbourhood, looking as cleanly cloven as if but recently split, are quite stupendous. Having arranged the time of starting for the following morning, we retired to rest.

On Monday morning, July 7th, we set off about half-past eight o'clock. Our walking was now to commence in earnest, for we had determined from this point never to ride without good reason, and,

indeed, with but little exception, we walked from hence to Martigny.

The luggage question had forced itself upon us seriously, and although Aplanalp said he could carry both knapsacks perfectly well, we thought it would be a great advantage if one could be dispensed with. We therefore reduced our wants to the lowest minimum, packed them all in one knapsack, and sent the other to Lucerne. My list would still be considered superfluously luxurious by such mountaineers as Kennedy and Hudson; but, with the exception of a pair of waterproof leggings and a Scotch plaid, which, although occasionally useful, might have been dispensed with, I did not discover any superfluity. My allowance, besides what was worn, was one flannel shirt, a thin under flannel waistcoat, a pair of drawers, a pair of trousers, two pairs of stockings, a pair of slippers, a thick pair of boots, hair-brush, tooth-brush, soap, an invaluable pair of Turkish sponge gloves for washing, a rough pair of gloves for rubbing, a waterproof coat and leggings, and a Scotch plaid. My friend's requirements were more limited. I had in addition, a leather courier's bag, and my companion a waterproof havresac containing map, hand-book, pipe, and other little necessities.

Our first business was to buy our Alpenstocks, and, having secured these invaluable helps, we went on our way. Our day's journey was to be over the Furca and Maienwand to Grimsel. The ascent to the top of the Furca pass from Andermatt is certainly uninteresting, compared with most Alpine scenery; the walking is easy enough, till near the summit, where we found a steep bank of snow. On reaching the summit we for the first time heard the whistling bark of the marmot, and saw the little animal sitting up on a rock at some distance. We made an excellent dinner at the inn on the summit, and then commenced our descent, which was far more picturesque and interesting than the ascent.

We soon came in sight of the beautiful Rhone glacier; as this was the first we had seen, we were much delighted; but indeed on the whole, there are few more beautiful or enjoyable. The upper portion has all the beauty produced by the twisting of the ice into shapes resembling towers, spires, and rocks of every imaginable shape; the walking is good, and the blue colour is beautifully displayed in the crevasses.

The first treading on a glacier is not to be forgotten: the enormous mass of ice, the firm and secure footing, even on a steep slope, provided you do not fall, which you need not do, the apparent solidity and immova-



bility of the great mass, which however you well know is never still, the immense masses of rock carried down from the higher mountains, and borne on its back by the glacier, the glorious colour, the deep crevasses, some filled with the clearest water, and others in which the water is heard rushing hundreds of feet below, all combine to produce a spectacle of beauty, sublimity, and wonder. The nuisance of a glacier is its moraines. The irresistible action of rain, frost, and snow, splits off fragments of rock of all sizes, varying from many tons weight to mere stones. These fall into the glacier at its side, and immediately commence their inevitable journey to its termination, where they form the "terminal moraine," while at the side they form the "lateral moraine," but, whether "terminal" or "lateral," they are equally excessively troublesome climbing. The steep side of the glacier is often covered with a coating of gravel, which seems to afford a firm footing, but it is most treacherous, as it is generally only a thin covering over the hardest black ice.

We ascended the side of the glacier, which was good walking, being just sufficiently rough to give a good foothold, but we soon had an exemplification of what would be the result of a fall. One of us dropped his Alpenstock, which immediately commenced sliding

down ; but the guide fortunately was able to run forward and stop it.

Our walk was delightful : we never tired of gazing into and jumping over the crevasses, admiring the miniature lakes, and climbing about in all directions. We crossed to look at the cavern where the Rhone rushes under the blue ice, forming a fine waterfall as it dashes into its seeming prison. We then reascended the glacier, walked for some distance towards its termination, and then made our way towards the side moraine. We did not leave the ice, however, without an amusing little adventure. The side was covered with a thin coating of snow, which was in a slightly melting state ; our guide put his feet together, leant on his Alpenstock placed behind him as a kind of drag, and slid down with the greatest ease. My friend tried to follow his example, but was on his back in an instant, and slid down in that position wet to the skin. I thought I would walk down very cautiously, but in an instant the same result followed, all of us laughing most heartily. We climbed over the moraine, to the foot of the glacier, where we went to see the Rhone rushing out from its prison, escaping through a blue transparent palace of ice, as it entered. The cavern through which the Rhone issues is gradually becoming

smaller and smaller, owing, it is supposed, to the onward progress of the glacier, but it is still of great height, and extremely grand. We stopped for some time at the châteaux, in the valley, where the process of milking was going on. It was a picturesque sight to see the great herd of cows gathered together, and the goats coming down the mountains to their home. We were here entitled to the first mark on our Alpenstocks, it being the habit of Alpine travellers to have the names of the passes which they cross burnt on the sticks, for which purpose a brand is always kept at the inns or châteaux in the neighbourhood. The girls of the chalet performed this little operation for us, and commemorated our passage of the Furca and Rhone glacier.

We then proceeded on our way, climbing up the steep Maienwand, admiring the beautiful view into the valley beneath, and amusing ourselves with rolling great stones to the bottom. The mountain side was covered with flowers. On crossing the summit, the scene entirely changed; there were no flowers, nothing but bare rocks, and a considerable quantity of snow. The descent to the Grimsel is very fine, but wild and desolate in the extreme, and at the first sight of the inn one can hardly believe that such a desolate looking spot can be one's intended resting-place. The

inn, however, when once inside it, is comfortable enough ; its only drawback is, that the bed-rooms, which are like clean little wooden boxes for German bullfinches, are divided from one another by so thin a partition, that every word, cough, or snore, is heard through two or three rooms. We arrived at the inn about half-past seven, very little fatigued. We unfortunately made the mistake of taking tea, which had the effect of keeping us awake : and we had the additional misfortune of having for neighbours, in the adjoining room, two men, one of whom snored, and the other not only had a bad cough, but also had apparently a habit of talking to himself ; for, as his companion was evidently asleep, and his conversation was not brought to an untimely end by the absence of any answer to his remarks, it was clear that he was merely giving (German) expression to the bright, or perhaps wretched, thoughts that needed utterance. Sleep, however, at last arrived, and the morning found us sufficiently refreshed.

On Tuesday morning, July 8th, we were ready for starting about eight o'clock. We first, however, went to see a young chamois in an enclosure close to the inn ; but it afforded us little pleasure, for it seemed wild, and impatient of imprisonment. We then set off, our party consisting, in addition to ourselves, of Mr. O'Connell and an Englishman : three Germans, who

had set off before us, might also be considered as belonging to us, as we overtook them and joined company: we had met them at the Furca, and again fell in with one of them on the St. Theodule pass. On our way we paused at the Falls of the Handeck, and admired them very much. The descent of the Grimsel is wild and picturesque, but, although sufficiently steep and precipitous in places, it certainly does not now present any such terrific scene as that depicted by Mr. Barnard in his *Swiss Views*. The pass has probably been improved.

Before leaving the hotel at the Grimsel, we made inquiries relative to the Strahleck pass, as we had much wished to take that route to Grindelwald. It was, however, considered that the weather was too uncertain, and the difficulties of the pass were represented to us in a more vivid light than they appear to deserve. To have crossed this pass also would have materially interfered with our intended route, and therefore, under all circumstances, we thought it best to relinquish the idea. There can be no doubt that the Strahleck pass has some difficulties, but there does not seem to be anything to deter a good Alpine traveller from undertaking it, provided the weather is suitable, and the glacier in a fit state.

We reached Hof about two o'clock, and there

parted from our companions, who were all going to Meyringen,—our route being over the Ssten pass. The inn at Hof was humble, but comfortable. There was no fresh meat to be had for dinner, but we fared very well on ham, salad, potatoes, and an omelette. Soon after our arrival it began to rain heavily, and our guide was therefore able to urge on us with greater force his suggestions that we should proceed no further that evening. He had good reason for his anxiety to detain us, as he was about to be married, and his intended lived at Meyringen, whither he proceeded immediately we had yielded to the force of his arguments. Our sleeping room was rather quaintly situated ; to reach it, we had to make a tour of the great chimney, and then proceed up ladders to a loft. In this place a large box was built, which constituted our bed-room. It was, however, clean and comfortable ; but, as it contained four beds we thought it essential to make it a condition that although we occupied only two of them, no one should be admitted to the other two : it appeared to us to be a not unreasonable stipulation. The rain continued, so we had a long afternoon in doors ; there were, however, letters to write, accounts to make up, and names to be cut on the alpenstocks. Our landlord, too, often came to sit with us for a chat, and so

the day passed away, and in due course, but not particularly early, we retired to our four-bedded room.

On Wednesday morning, July the 9th, we set off, about half-past six o'clock, *en route* for the Lake of Lucerne over the Süsten pass. The path for the greater part of the way was as good as a garden walk, and the view of the lower region of the mountains was very beautiful, reminding us, in several places, of the pass of Killiekrankie, but on a far grander scale. The summits of the mountains were, however, shrouded in mist, and we therefore cannot give an accurate report of the beauties of the pass from personal experience. At a place called Stein-Alp, consisting only of an hotel and one or two chalets, and situated at about an hour's distance from the top of the pass, we stopped to dine. The Stein glacier was within less than a quarter of a mile, and the elevation above the sea being nearly 7,000 feet, the cold was very great. We found it hardly possible to keep ourselves warm, although well wrapped up, within the hotel. At this secluded spot we got a very good dinner, with, as usual, an excellent omelette, and we were provided with napkins. After dinner we again started, crossed a small part of the glacier, and after a steepish climb we arrived at the summit. The Stein glacier

is rather dirty, and not particularly picturesque; but it is connected with many other fine glaciers, which descend from the Sstenhorn, Spitzliberg, and the other lofty mountains of this group, and have a striking aspect. The descent was poor and barren; at first down the naked side of the mountain, then over a long dreary moor; and it is not until the neighbourhood of Wasen that the route is picturesque.

The path was very rough and bad, and contrasted most disagreeably with the ascent. We started in the Canton of Berne, where the roads are well kept, but on descending we entered the Canton of Uri, and immediately noticed a marked change for the worse.

The day was unfavourable: we could not see Titlis on our left, or the mountains, already mentioned as the birthplace of several glaciers, on our right. While descending, a flock of sheep followed us in a very friendly manner, nibbling our hands; and one, more cunning than the rest, smelling a piece of bread in my pocket, put his head in and began to eat it. We were at last obliged to discourage their attentions, and drive them away.

We reached Wasen, on the St. Gothard pass, about half-past six o'clock, and, as the evening was cold and wet, we arranged to take a carriage from thence to Amstg, where we intended to sleep. The very



rough descent had rather knocked our knees about, and we had been about twelve hours on our journey: hence we were not unwilling to be spared a further walk; and, having partaken of some excellent beer, we started in an "einspanner." The driver, who appeared to be a stupid, insensible fellow, dashed off at great speed; but, as we had already had experience of the way in which carriages safely descend the zig-zag roads at a rapid rate, we did not think it necessary to check him. We had rounded two or three of the awkward corners, when we approached a large stone, placed at the angle of one of these turnings, rather too nearly. We were inwardly congratulating ourselves on our escape, when, before we had time to give utterance to our satisfaction, we suddenly found ourselves running on the two near wheels, and in an instant the carriage fell over with a crash. It was fortunate that the turning was to the right, as this caused us to fall towards the rock; but had the accident happened at either the next or the previous turning, we should probably have been thrown over the precipice. As it was, it was unpleasant enough. We were all thrown out: my friend and the guide were severely bruised; I was a good deal cut on the forehead, but the driver, who deserved the most injury, escaped almost unhurt. My head was well

bathed with cold water which a peasant brought in his hat from a stream gushing out of the rock ; and having replaced the carriage on its wheels, we soon resumed our journey. We were not quite in a mood to admire the scenery, which was certainly very fine, but from the glimpse of the St. Gothard pass which we had at Andermatt and the Devil's Bridge, it seemed that the finest part of the pass must be the part between the Devil's Bridge and Wasen, which we had not seen.

We arrived at Amstäg about eight o'clock ; and immediately the landlord became aware that we had met with an accident, nothing could exceed the kindness and attention which was shown us. I took a basin of weak soup, and went to bed ; the landlord and the maid then came up, bathed my head, and put on a bandage soaked in cold vinegar and water, repeating this little operation every few minutes, till I was not unwilling to be left to sleep undisturbed. This was an unfortunate anniversary of my wedding-day ; but there was ample reason to be thankful that the consequences of the accident were so trifling. On comparing notes afterwards, we found we had both feared our journey might be suddenly shortened by our misfortune ; but we were in good condition, and the fall never gave us even a headache.

On Thursday morning, July 10th, we very naturally remained in bed later than usual. We were, however, ready for breakfast before ten o'clock; and about half-past we started for Altorf. We were not much the worse for the accident: my friend's leg was rather painful, and my beauty was for the time totally destroyed. This was certainly afflicting, but yet it did not disturb my peace of mind; and we were both happy, to say the least of it, that we had escaped so well. We enjoyed our walk, amusing ourselves on the way with a very perfect echo from the high rocks just before reaching Altorf, where we arrived about half-past one o'clock. We were too late to reach Fluelen in time for the steamer, and employed our spare time in walking about the place, looking at the Tell monuments, and partaking of our mid-day repast. We then walked to Fluelen, and went on board the steam-boat. The day being unfortunately wet and cold, we could see but little of the scenery; the occasional glimpses, however, which the motion of the clouds and mist gave us of the mountains, showed us plainly that our loss was great. The weather improved as we advanced, and before we reached Lucerne it became fine, and we were able to enjoy the varying beauties of the lake. After travelling so long

among the high mountains and rocky passes, shutting out distant views, the comparatively open scenery of the northern end of the lake was felt to be very pleasing, and perhaps somewhat of a relief. There can be but little doubt that in scenery, as indeed in most circumstances of life itself, a change is essential, not only to enjoyment, but to appreciation. We Englishmen, too, are accustomed to a changeable climate, which renders even a long continuance of unclouded sky somewhat monotonous to us. Let the reason, however, be what it may, we often found the change from stern sublimity to rich fertility and cultivated comfort very agreeable, and the reverse equally so.

We reached Lucerne in time for the evening *table-d'hôte* at the excellent Schweitzer Hof, where we were fortunate enough to obtain very comfortable rooms, and where we found the knapsack we had dispatched from Andermatt.

The situation of Lucerne at the head of the lake, with a grand view of fine mountains on the right, left, and before you, is very charming, and it is certainly one of those places in Switzerland where a man travelling with his family may well take up his quarters for a week or ten days. Excursions, either easy or adventurous, may be made from hence in

great variety. The ladies, and gentlemen too, may go up the Rigi, but the gentlemen may also ascend Pilate: the ladies may sketch and row on the lake, while their companions make a day or two's excursion over the Joch Pass, ascend Titlis, or Uri Rothsock, or explore the comparatively little known beauties of the valleys south of the lake. We supped at the *table-d'hôte*, our wounded and weather-beaten faces and rough dress forming a somewhat strong contrast to the smartness of many of our companions. This did not, however, affect our appetites; and we enjoyed our—to us—civilised supper, which was followed by an amusing chat in the *rauch zimmer* with, among others, a number of Englishmen on their way home from Java.

## CHAP. IV.

## LUCERNE TO LAUTERBRUNNEN.

ON Friday morning, July 11th, we strolled about Lucerne till the time of early *table-d'hôte*, of which we partook, and then went by the two o'clock steam-boat to Kussnacht, on our way to the Rigi. The passage to Kussnacht occupied about an hour, and we reached the Rigi-Kulm in about three hours, after a rather steep climb in some places. We found but few fellow-travellers on the route, and they were principally peasants, but when we reached the summit we found plenty of travellers already arrived; and fresh comers on foot, on horse, and on mule followed us in rapid succession.

As there was still about two hours before the great event of the sunset, we walked about enjoying the view on all sides till "the man with the horn" announced the near approach of the close of day, when we concentrated our attention on the changes produced on the view by the fading light.

The distant mountains were not very clear, and the sunset was rather cloudy ; but the gradual approach of darkness, the shadows extending themselves over the valleys and up the mountains, and the deep quiet which seemed to steal over the whole earth, could not fail to impress the mind with a sense of solemnity and awe. As the sun descended, the emotions called forth were like those excited by the last act of a sublime drama. One of the grand acts of nature was accomplished. When the sun was gone, other ideas arose. To follow out the same train of thought, it seemed as if a majestic overture was concluded, succeeded by a deep pause, and to be followed by the grand opening of the drama with pomp and splendour on the following morning. The bright golden spots where the sun's parting rays illuminated some of the little lakes between us and the sunset were very beautiful.

We naturally compared the view with that from Monte Monterone, and on the whole we were inclined to prefer the latter. The view of the pretty lake of Zug at the foot of the precipice is certainly very fine, and the whole panorama is very grand ; but the view of the Bernese Alps is not nearly so striking as the sublime view of Monte Rosa and the other snow mountains from Monterone.

We subsequently saw the view from Mont Cramont, and then endeavoured to compare our impressions with those produced by the view from the Rigi and from Monte Monterone. Although, however, a panoramic view of mountains is commanded from all these summits, yet the view from the Cramont differs so essentially from the others that no comparison can well be made. From the Cramont no water can be seen, but the precipitous sides of the Mont Blanc chain seem quite close, and numerous sharp peaked rocky mountains are in immediate contiguity. Thus one of the principal features in the view from the Rigi and from Monterone is wanting in the view from the Cramont, while the views from the Rigi and Monterone are deficient in the characteristic feature of the view from the Cramont.

We returned to the hotel, and sat down to supper with about eighty other fellow-travellers, among whom we met two schoolfellows, one of whom we had never met since boyhood. The meeting of four schoolfellows on such a spot was remarkable. Among the guests were of course many who, like ourselves, were intent on exploring some of the more rarely visited scenes of Alpine glories, and others who had already made themselves acquainted with them. On such occasions the mutual interchange of information and



the mutual narration of adventures always take place, and form a most agreeable source of conversation. Before retiring to rest a few of us went out to see, from the edge of the precipice, the beauties of the scene, faintly illumined by the young moon. We then retired to our respective little wooden boxes.

On Saturday morning, July 12th, we were awakened between three and four o'clock by "the man with the horn." His prolonged notes effectually banished sleep, and after a very rapid toilet we rushed out, like the rest of our Rigi world, to be ready for the sun's approach. It was fortunately a splendid morning, and we were out for some time before the sun appeared. We therefore had the advantage of seeing the mountains in their cold grandeur before the bright light of day robbed them of one of their most poetical aspects. The snowy summits of the Bernese chain shone as bright as silver, each peak rising clearly and distinctly from the rest; and the nearer mountains of Uri Rothstock, Titlis, and others stood up in majestic cold solemnity, the intervening space being still dim. As the sun approached, the beautiful rosy tint began to appear, gradually deepening from a faint blush to a genial glow. The scene continued beautiful after the sun was fairly risen, but the exquisite poetry of the earlier dawn

was gone. When all was clear in the broad daylight the mystery of half-knowledge was gone. We went in to dress and breakfast, and then returned to enjoy for a long time the magnificent view. It is easy to dispute whether this scene or that is the grandest, but the sunrise and sunset from the Rigi are amply beautiful enough to repay far greater trouble or fatigue.

We descended by the Rigi Scheideck, where we dined at the excellent hotel, and then proceeded to Gersan, from whence we embarked for Lucerne.

On board the boat was a German Prince, a very fine-looking man, who, as our guide soon discovered, was on his way to the Rigi, and who wanted a guide. Our guide, Aplanalp, knowing that we intended to pass the following day, Sunday, in quiet, asked us if we would allow him to accompany the Prince. As we were well satisfied with him, and were willing to give him an opportunity of earning a little more money, we consented to his request, stipulating only that he should return in good time the following afternoon.

On our return to Lucerne we had some little business to do, which occupied us till the evening *table-d'hôte*. I paid a visit to a chemist, to get some gold-beater's skin for my forehead. The wound was healing rapidly, but the rubbing of the hat delayed

the cure of the upper end of the cut. The chemist applied collodion, which immediately produced a good effect; and its repetition for about ten days left nothing remaining but the scar.

On Sunday, July 13th, we wrote letters, attended the morning service, and passed the day quietly. In the evening we drank tea with the Rev. Mr. Gregory, the Protestant clergyman of Lucerne. On talking over our plans with him, we were induced to make a slight change, which turned out very well. To render this intelligible, it may be as well to say that our original plan left the direction of our route from Andermatt undetermined. It was a question whether we should go over the Furca, Grimsel, and Strahleck to Grindelwald; straight down the St. Gothard Pass to Lucerne; from the Grimsel over the Süsten Pass to Lucerne; or, finally, from the Grimsel over the Joch Pass to Engelberg, and so to Lucerne. As narrated, we went by the third route. We had very unwillingly given up the Joch Pass, as we heard it was very fine, and comparatively unfrequented. On telling Mr. Gregory that our plans for the following day were over the Brunig to Meyringen, he strongly recommended us to go over the Joch Pass instead; and this we settled to do.

In the afternoon our guide, Aplanalp, made his

appearance in good time; but he was foolish enough to ask us if we should have any objection to his leaving us, and accompanying the German Prince to the Oberland. We thought this was a bad return for our yesterday's liberality, especially as he knew we were to start early the following morning, and should require a guide. We felt, too, we should not get on well together after this little incident, and accordingly told him he might go wherever he pleased. The poor fellow received a severe lesson, for it seems the German Prince did not take him after all; and every one said he had behaved badly. He is a good guide, and will, it is to be hoped, benefit by his experience. We applied to the landlord of the Schweitzer Hof for a guide to supply his place, and he recommended us to take one named Franz Zimmerman, who was then in Lucerne. We followed his advice, and had every reason to be satisfied.

On Monday, July 14th, we left Lucerne, at about eight o'clock in the morning, on our way to Engelberg. We went in a row-boat to Stanzstad. The morning was rather wet, and the mountains were covered with mist; but the day improved before we landed, and we had no more rain. We walked to Gräfenort, where we halted to dine.

We were much amused, while we were sitting at

the inn, at the arrival, in a carriage, of Mr. Greenfield, whom we had met on the Rigi, and had seen frequently at Lucerne. He was unaware of our change of route, and supposed we were crossing the Brunig, according to our plans, which we had communicated to him; while we had supposed that he was on foot, and before us. We were glad to re-assemble, and had a merry meeting, as we were all bound for the Joch Pass, which we should consequently cross together on the following day. After our repast we all set out together. The road to Engelberg is very grand; but, unfortunately for us, the tops of the mountains were shrouded, and only occasionally appeared, to show us what we might have seen and admired, "weather permitting."

We arrived at our destination about six o'clock. Engelberg is very remarkably situated. The road which leads to it proceeds no further; and the valley in which the town lies, at a high elevation above the sea, is so completely shut in by lofty mountains, that any way out except over the mountains seems impossible. The large church and convent form very striking objects in the scene. We looked anxiously for Mount Titlis, which rises above the summit of the Joch Pass, but in vain, as the clouds were too

dense. We supped and retired to rest, hoping for a clear morning for our expedition.

On Tuesday morning, July the 15th, we were called about four o'clock, and were delighted to find that the sky was cloudless, and Titlis shone above us in undimmed splendour. We started about six o'clock. We were accompanied by our guide Zimmerman, our friend Mr. Greenfield by Nussbaumer, and we were also accompanied by a porter who carried the stock of provisions which it was necessary to take. The ascent begins within half a mile of leaving the inn, and the path first enters a grand pine forest, where the climbing is tolerably steep, and the scenery is very beautiful. On emerging from the forest we crossed an "Alp" or rich pasture ground, at the extremity of which we saw the mountain-side up which we were to climb. On approaching the "Pfaffenwand," or "Priest's Wall," as this mountain-side is called, Nussbaumer advised us to stop to take breath, as he said we should want it going up. The climbing was certainly very steep, and there was only the faintest indication of a track. The footing was partly rock, but principally loose stones: a false step would probably have proved fatal. On arriving at the summit of the first wall, for it was really something between the roof of a house and a

wall, we waited for our friend Mr. Greenfield. He was a good climber, but he had only lately left London, and our previous long pedestrian expeditions naturally gave us an advantage over him. We then reached another Alp, with a lake at one extremity, which had apparently at some remote period covered the whole surface. After walking for some distance over the Alp we came to a rushing glacier stream, over which, with the help of our alpenstocks, we made a leap. Then came another space of green pasture, succeeded by a wider glacier torrent. We had to follow this stream upwards for some distance before we could find a place where we could cross. Then came another wall to climb, and at last we arrived at the summit of the pass. The scene here would have amply repaid all fatigue and trouble, even if that very fatigue had not greatly contributed to the pleasure of the ascent. To our left rose Titlis. We were between 7,000 and 8,000 feet above the sea, and Titlis, covered with eternal snow, rose 3,000 feet above us; guarded by great overhanging glaciers. We regretted our time did not allow us to ascend it. Before us, at a great distance, rose the Finsteraarhorn, Wetterhorn, and others of the Bernese Oberland, as clear as distant hills in England on a clear frosty morning. On our right another chain of mountains,

and behind us a mass of clouds rising up from the Engelberg valley. The clouds rose and surrounded us, sometimes breaking and showing glimpses of Titlis, and at other times entirely clearing away. We remained a long time enjoying the grand scene, and refreshing ourselves from our stock of provisions. We then commenced the descent, stopping at a chalet at Engstlen, which was in the process of transformation into a hotel, and there making a more substantial repast. The whole descent was beautiful. The Bernese Alps were always in view; and the path led us through beautiful groves of pines—by the sides of rushing torrents—and under waterfalls issuing from the very face of the rocks and descending in rain. In short, there is not a step of the Joch Pass which is not beautiful and interesting. We left Hof to our left, deep below us, and followed a narrow path, often hardly a foot wide, at the edge of a precipice, descending to the Meyringen valley. After a time we reached beautiful meadows, with luxuriant crops of hay just being gathered in, rich with flowers and numerous insects. Among the latter we caught three specimens of an ascalaphus, which looked very remarkable while on the wing. It has so much the appearance of a butterfly that some old writers have described it as belonging to that order; but it is really nearly



allied to the dragon flies and ant-lions. We reached Meyringen, thoroughly satisfied with our expedition, about six o'clock.

On Wednesday morning, July the 16th, we started, about seven o'clock, for the Reichenbach falls and Rosenlauri glacier, the morning being beautifully fine. The Reichenbach fall is very beautiful, the height being great, and the volume of water considerable. The artificial obstructions, however, to an unfettered view somewhat interfere with their due appreciation. There is a shop for the sale of wood-carving placed in the best point of view, with an entrance fee; and to the left of this, from whence also a good view might be obtained, there is a high paling. The ostensible object of this obstacle is to protect travellers from the spray; but it seems as if the real object was to drive them into the toy-shop. We were of course obliged to pay the toll; but we managed to climb to the edge of the precipice, from whence we had a fine view. We then went on through pine woods and beautiful pastures, covered with numerous herds of cattle, to the Rosenlauri glacier. Every glacier has its own character, and here the glacier descends to its termination in immense steep hills of ice, and is very free from the dirty coating of mud which disfigures the lower part of so many glaciers. The colour, too, is beautifully

blue. We saw enormous blocks of rock, brought down by the glacier from the upper mountains. We climbed up a short distance: it is too steep to be able to proceed far. We entered beautiful ice caves, and thoroughly enjoyed the beauties of the icy scene. There is a lofty rock on the right bank of the glacier, evidently commanding a fine view over the whole surface, which we were anxious to ascend; but we found, to our surprise, that it would take at least two hours to reach it, and this length of time we could not spare. This glacier is supposed to be diminishing; and the great masses of rock now at some little distance from it, seem to show that such must be the case.

We descended by exactly the same path by which we had come up, and reached Meyringen just in time to escape a heavy thunder-storm. We waited some time for the storm to blow over, and when it had a good deal abated we started in a little carriage for Brienz. It, however, still rained heavily when we arrived, and we found that the steam-boat for Interlachen had already started. The storm seemed too heavy for us to venture on the lake in the flat-bottomed boats which alone are to be obtained; but after a time the rain ceased, and we rowed to Interlachen, where we arrived about seven o'clock. The place was very full, and we had to go to one hotel after another before

we could get accommodation. At last we were very comfortably lodged at the Schweitzer Hof. The entrance to Interlachen through the fine chestnut trees is very striking; and altogether, although the place consists of hardly anything but hotels, it is a cheerful, amusing place for a "family party" to spend a few days. The views of the Jungfrau *must be* fine; but unfortunately at the time of our visit the mountains were not to be seen. We walked to Unterseen, the old town "between the lakes;" the word "Unterseen" expressing exactly the same idea as "Interlachen." This village is curious and picturesque in the highest degree. Our time was too valuable to give up a day to lounging about Interlachen, or to wait for clearer weather to see the Jungfrau,—and therefore we were obliged to continue our journey the next day.

On Thursday morning, July the 17th, we hired a carriage to Grindelwald. The valley of the two Lütschinen is very fine, but the weather was still unfavourable, and no lofty summits were to be seen. We left Interlachen between eight and nine, and reached Grindelwald between eleven and twelve.

The situation of Grindelwald is very striking, the Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, and Eiger, being exactly opposite you, and the Monch, Finsteraarhorn, Jungfrau, and Aletschorn, lying just behind them. Alas!

none of these mountains were clearly visible ; we had only occasional glimpses of them. The view, however, of the upper glacier, or that which lies to the left looking from Grindelwald, and which descends between the Wetterhorn and Schreckhorn, and of the lower glacier which comes down between the Eiger and Schreckhorn, was very striking. Immediately on our arrival we set off for the lower glacier, wishing to explore it before dinner. We climbed up for some little distance, our guide occasionally cutting steps for us, as it is rather steep; and then, having descended, we met a man who seemed to be "the spirit" of the lower glacier ; for he had steps ready cut, and ladders conveniently placed, to conduct visitors into all the secret places of the ice. We climbed into a beautiful cavern where the ice on the sides was as blue as the sky when seen in contrast to a mass of snow-coloured mountains, so transparent that the eye penetrated many feet through its substance, so smooth that not the slightest roughness was felt when the hand was rubbed over it, and so bright that, had any dark substance formed a background, it would have served for a looking-glass. The beauty of the ice was much increased by the air-cavities which were interspersed in its structure: some were large, and some very small, but all glistened like silver.

Our plan had been to cross the Wengern Alp in the afternoon; but as the day was unfavourable, we thought we had better defer that excursion till the following day, in hopes of improved weather, and employ the afternoon in some exploration in the neighbourhood. We looked up at the craggy precipices of ice dividing the lower part of the glacier from the *mer de glace* above them, and decided on getting up as far as possible, by the side of the mountain, in that direction. We were obliged to return to the inn to dine, and therefore could not set out till about three o'clock, which was an hour or two too late. We went up by the side of the right bank of the glacier, turning considerably away from it, as it is impossible to ascend closer to the ice. The ascent is steep. The path soon enters pine woods, from which there is a fine view of the glacier deep below. On leaving the woods, the path becomes exceedingly narrow, and the descent to the glacier is very precipitous. The glacier, after leaving the *mer de glace*, is forced through a comparatively very narrow gorge, and is consequently split with hundreds of crevasses, and broken and piled up into towers and rocks of every imaginable form. As the path ascends, it becomes narrower and more precipitous; and soon a waterfall seemed to stop further progress, as it dashed

quite over the narrow path: it was formed almost entirely by the rain which had been falling. We were, however, able to get through, and we then soon turned up the rocks, climbing with hands and feet. After a little further progress on "dry land," we arrived at the glacier, and ascended, placing our feet in steps cut in the ice, crossing a crevasse on a plank, again ascended a short distance, and found ourselves on the *mer de glace*. We walked some distance, when we met a *chamois* hunter, a fine powerful man, who tempted my friend to go with him a considerable distance further; but I, to my subsequent regret, remained behind. I felt it was getting late, the clouds were boiling up from the valley, threatening to shroud us in thick mist, and the guide had told us that if the rain should come on again, the waterfall would be impassable. We, however, returned in perfect safety; the waterfall was comparatively almost dry, and we reached our inn about seven o'clock. The excursion we had made was the termination of the Strahleck Pass, and we much regretted that we had not been able to cross it.

For travellers who have any love for adventure, Grindelwald offers many opportunities, but we were obliged to be on the wing, and consequently determined to cross the Wengern Alp the following day.

Friday morning, July 18th, was cloudy, the fates were still against us, and hence we were in no hurry to start. We set out about ten o'clock, and reached the inn, at the summit of the pass, about two o'clock, passing on our way the forest of "blasted pines," mentioned by Byron. We were fortunate in obtaining occasional glimpses of the Queen of the Alps, the lovely Jungfrau; but she unveiled herself only partially, and left us to hope that in some future year we might have the good fortune again to visit these enchanting scenes, and then to see her and her brothers, the Storm-peak, the Giant, the Terror-horn, and the Monk, in unclouded grandeur. Often is it said that the ascent of lofty mountains does not repay the labour and fatigue; we did not mount any of the giants, but we had some fine snow climbs, and we can bear witness to the fascination of the snow-peaks, and the longing to conquer their difficulties. Independently of any other source of pleasure, arising from the ascent of a lofty snow-mountain, there is a feeling of victory over nature which causes great exultation.

The air was cold, and while waiting for the chance of the weather clearing, we were glad to sit over the wood fire in the inn; after a time, as there seemed to be but little probability of a change for the better,

we set out on our descent to Lauterbrunnen, having occasional and extremely beautiful glimpses of the mountains.

On approaching Lauterbrunnen, we found a horn-blower stationed at the foot of the magnificent precipices which lie to the right of the descent. When we had arrived within about a quarter of a mile from him, he began his performance, which was answered by a burst of liquid music blended into inconceivable softness, and which, descending apparently from the lofty mountains, seemed more like a heavenly choir of praise and pure happiness, than mere earthly music softened and refined. Then the horn sounded slow, deep, single notes, repeated, with gigantic power, slowly and solemnly from the mountain tops, which, being hidden in the clouds, seemed like the abode of God himself, and the solemn notes sounded like the last trump, awfully calling on the world to rise and appear. It may seem affectation, it may appear absurd, that such feelings should be excited when one sees a rude peasant, with a clumsy wooden tube, and when one knows that it is he and his wretched pipe that are the source of the seemingly supernatural sounds: but such were the feelings which arose, and one may be thankful that the imagination has power thus to triumph over reality, or rather



over mere fact and reason, and to transport one beyond this dull earth, to what is equally or more true and real, and only more remote. Alas! that these feelings should be transient!

We reached Lauterbrunnen about seven o'clock.

## CHAP. V.

## LAUTERBRUNNEN TO ZERMATT.

WE had planned an excursion over the Tschingel glacier to Kandersteg for the following day ; but having heard a good deal of the difficulties and dangers of the pass, we, as "family men," felt we should not be justified in undertaking it without full inquiry beforehand. We accordingly summoned the landlord to a conference, without even our trusty Zimmerman being present to throw into the scale the weight of his arguments in favour of the passage. We found that, although an excursion of some difficulty and fatigue, there was nothing whatever to prevent our making it without exposing ourselves to any charge of rashness. We accordingly engaged a guide, named Linder, well acquainted with the pass, and having ordered a supply of provisions, and directed that we should be called at three o'clock, we retired early to rest. The night was beautiful, and the Jungfrau looked down on the valley in unclouded splendour.

There is but one step from the sublime to the

ridiculous, and an absurd dream which was conjured up in my brain may be worth relating. I had naturally often thought about this Tschingel glacier, and often had reflected whether or not there was too much danger for a man with seven children to incur. Accordingly, when sleep crept over my brain, I found myself still contemplating the glaciers, but transported back to England, and apparently decided against the Swiss tour on account of their danger. One morning very early I and my friend were in London, setting out on some great excursion; on our way we met R. B., and told him that we had made up our minds not to go to Switzerland till the following year. We told him that our reason was, that we thought it was far better to make ourselves acquainted with the comparatively easy English glaciers, before tempting the dangers of those in the Alps, and we added we were about to commence that morning with those of London. R. B. expressed his complete approval of the plan, and we went on our way. We soon came to a very high wall, which was a precipice at the foot of the glacier. How we managed to ascend it I do not remember, but we found ourselves at last at the top, climbing over the parapet, which was apparently the representative of the final rocks before reaching the

glacier itself. The roofs of the houses were the glacier, but the dream allowed only the commencement of our toils to be made known to us, and so ended the dream.

On Saturday, July the 19th, we were called at the appointed hour, and were delighted to find it an unclouded morning. We started soon after four o'clock, in a carriage which we had engaged to take us part of the way, so as to spare us some time and fatigue. We passed under the beautiful Staubbach fall, and saw many others on our drive through the grand valley. We were able to drive for only about half an hour, and soon after five o'clock we commenced our walk. The morning was charming, the grass covered with dew, the air fresh, the "Silberhörner" of the Jungfrau towering gigantically above us in unclouded beauty, the beautiful valley of the Mürren before us, with, at its termination, the grand falls of Schmadribach, backed by the Tschingelhorn, Breithorn, and Aletschhorn. The path soon entered a wild forest of the most Salvator Rosa character, on the steep side of the mountain. The track was barely to be seen, and it continually appeared as if the only mode of advancing was to go straight up the mountain, clinging to the roots of the pines, and forcing one's way, if possible, through the forest.

However, there was always a way of winding among the rocks, and after a time we emerged on open ground. The path was now a very narrow track on the precipitous side of the mountain. This soon led to a very steep bank of loose slate, which crumbled and slipped down at every step. This was rather troublesome walking.

Up to the slate bank the excursion is one of no difficulty, and one which would amply repay any one for the trouble. The views already described are well worth the fatigue of reaching this point, and returning to Lauterbrunnen; but it is doubtful whether the whole excursion across the Tschingel glacier is worth the trouble and danger. The view from the glacier above the Tschingel-tritt is extremely fine, but the return from thence would be difficult.

The slate bank we had reached had to be ascended and descended also to the lower glacier. Our first footing on this was disagreeable, there being a great quantity of deep mud, formed by the broken slate of which the side of the glacier is principally composed. After getting through these little difficulties, we went tolerably straight for the "Tschingel-tritt," which was the direction always taken in crossing the lower glacier. We found, however, that a huge crevasse stopped our way, and we were consequently obliged

to go round it, turning to the left, just under the rocks where the upper glacier descends. We were here in some danger of masses of ice coming down on us. We then had a rather difficult climb at the foot of the precipice, along a precipitous slaty bank of a looser character than the bank we had previously crossed, with the glacier, adorned with deep crevasses, at the foot. The strong arm of Linder was very useful. At length we reached the foot of the "Tschingel-tritt," and it certainly did not seem that we had passed through all our difficulties. The rock was perpendicular—in fact, rather overhanging, and about the height of a moderate house. There was no attempt at a path or any possibility of making holes for the feet, but the rock was rough, and there was consequently a foot-hold. Linder went up first to deposit his burthen of provisions at the summit, and then descended to help us. I began, Linder being above me to give a hand, and Zimmerman below to tell me where to put my feet. After proceeding a little distance, Linder descended to help my friend, leaving me clinging to the rock, like a swallow on the side of a house, with the precipice beneath me. I understood that Linder was about to return to my aid, but finding this was not the case, I proceeded, and got on very well by myself. My friend ascended with but little help, proving himself on this, as on many other

occasions, a good mountaineer, cragsman, and ice-man.

A ladder used to be kept at this rock, but it was no longer in existence, and our guides said we were better without it, as it was not pleasant to look down and see the precipice, with the glacier below it, between your legs. On arriving at the top of this rock, we considered we were fully entitled to have breakfast, and accordingly we halted, and enjoyed ourselves. The view was magnificent. In front of us were the Silberhörner of the Jungfrau, the Viescherhörner, and the Aletschhorn; to our right, the Breithorn, Tschingelhorn, and Frau; and behind us, the Gspaltenhorn. There were beautiful flowers, plenty of butterflies, and a humming-bird hawk-moth, fearlessly hovering over the flowers and allowing so near an approach, that we could watch its long tongue darted like a stiff wire into the honey-cups. The colour of the sky was splendid, the blue was so intense as to be almost a purple. On resuming our march, we almost immediately came on the snow, which unfortunately covered the glacier to the depth of three or four feet. It was usually tolerably hard, but occasionally, and more frequently as the day advanced, let us in deeply. The crevasses being covered with snow, our guides advanced cautiously, and with

consideration and consultation. Suddenly, however, down went Linder into a crevasse. It was apparently narrow, for the knapsack prevented his getting in below his shoulders, but he could not have got out without our help, which was quickly rendered.

We then thought that the rope we had brought with us should be made use of, and we were accordingly tied together, and each man putting his feet into the exact hole made by the leading guide, we got on slowly, but well. Suddenly, however, the snow, which had safely carried the two guides, gave way under H. T., and down he went. Fortunately, he did not fall deep, and the rope prevented any serious result. The guide's alpenstock occasionally discovered crevasses in time to be avoided, and the thin slit in the snow, which generally betrays the hidden danger, often acted as a warning; and so we got on, with only an occasional plunge into the snow. We crossed chamois tracks now and then, and found a dead chamois lying on the snow. We heard and saw several fine avalanches, tumbling over the precipices like great waterfalls; and we at last reached the rocks at the end of the glacier about two o'clock.

On hearing that "the dangers and the troubles of the sea were past," we shook our guides heartily by the hand, and sat down to dinner. It was a picturesque spot: the precipices of the glacier were close



on our right, mountains on each side, and the lower glacier stretching into the wild Gasteren Thal below us. While enjoying our repast we heard the report of a gun, and in an instant off went the guides, hoping to meet a chamois hunter laden with the chamois whose track we had crossed. We commissioned them to buy the head, but alas! it was only a marmot which had been shot at. They returned, we finished our dinner, and resumed the march.

We soon found our troubles were not over. The first descent was steepish rock; but we soon reached a steep bank of snow, where we were in some danger of avalanches of stones coming on us; and then, before reaching the lower glacier, we had a very difficult moraine to pass. The glacier was hard, pleasant walking; but our guide soon had to exercise his ingenuity in extricating us from the crevasses, which were here very deep and numerous. At last we got across to the side of the mountain, but it was long before we got through the extremely awkward route, over never-ending masses of rock, of which the precipitous side of the mountain entirely consists.

At length we reached the Gasteren Thal. This is extremely wild and grand. Altels rises above on one side, a roaring torrent (the Klus) rushes through the rocks, deeply bedded in a ravine, and mountains of

the sternest character shut in the scene on all sides. The Klus at its junction with the Kander makes a sudden turn to the right, and then descends through a very precipitous bed filled with enormous masses of rock during its whole course till it reaches the valley of the Kander. The whole route through the Gasteren Thal to the Kander valley is very fine.

We reached Kandersteg about seven o'clock, without any great fatigue.

From Lauterbrunnen to Kandersteg another route may be taken over the Schilthorn to the Kien Thal, and Oeschinen Thal, which is said to be far more picturesque than the route of the Tschingel glacier. The best course at Lauterbrunnen would be, if time permitted, to go up the Murren Thal as far as the lower Tschingel glacier, and return to Lauterbrunnen, approaching the Schmadribach fall as near as the nature of the ground would permit; another day, to go up the Schilthorn, and return to Lauterbrunnen; and a third day, to cross the valleys north of the Tschingel glacier to Kandersteg. From Kandersteg an excursion might be made to the Gasteren Thal, and from thence over the mountains to Schwarenbach.

At Kandersteg we found a new hotel, which is apparently a considerable improvement on the wretched

place which was formerly the only refuge for travellers, but which is, notwithstanding, far from being first-rate. However, it was only just opened, and not quite in order.

We retired to rest, and after sleeping for about an hour, I awoke, suffering greatly from inflamed eyes. On reaching the snow, I put on my wire spectacles; but finding them interfere with my walking, by obstructing the view of the ground, I had not patience to continue to wear them. I then put on my veil; but finding it made me hot, I held it on one side towards the sun. The result of this was that I suffered great pain when I went to bed, and I was not a little rejoiced when the night was past, and I was able to apply cooling applications to my burning eyes.

On Sunday morning, July 20th, we were not very early to rise; but after breakfasting about ten o'clock, we again set out to walk over the Gemmi. The ascent from Kandersteg is wild, but not very striking compared with many other passes; but the descent to Leukerbad is very wonderful. Viewed from below, it seems hardly possible that a road could be constructed to cross the mountain. The day was unfortunately cloudy, and we were consequently unable to see the grand view to advantage.

We reached Leukerbad about five o'clock, and had some difficulty in getting accommodation. It was a wet evening, and the place looked dreary and cold.

On Monday morning, the 21st, before starting, we went to see the extraordinary spectacle of the public bath, where the unfortunate patients have to remain immersed twice a day for four hours each time. Each had his or her little floating table: some were at breakfast, some working, some playing at chess, but all talking most vociferously. Patients, horrified at the idea of this public bath, have sometimes begun by trying a private bath; but the solitary confinement has invariably proved insupportable, and they have always eventually taken refuge in the public assemblage.

We started about nine o'clock in a one-horse carriage, on our way to Visp. The morning being cold and very wet, we did not think it worth while to ascend "The Ladders" to the village up the mountain. The road is through a narrow valley or gorge, with grand views back towards the Gemmi and south towards the Monte Rosa group of mountains; but the clouds did not permit us to have any clear views. The old town of Leuk is very picturesque, and the view of the valley of the Rhone is extremely fine, although the Rhone is one of those

foul-minded rivers which are not satisfied without spreading a desolation of mud on each side of their bed.

The change of climate was wonderful. We left the rain behind us among the hills, and found in the valley no trace of rain having fallen: instead of scanty cultivation or barren rock, vines and corn gladdened the face of the earth. A return to cultivation, especially if the weather in the mountains is cold and wet, is always agreeable.

We proceeded along the Simplon road to Turtmann, where we stopped to dine, and went to see the fine waterfall. It is somewhat of the character of the Reichenbach fall, but with a far greater volume of water. We then drove on to Visp, which we reached about two o'clock. From thence we proceeded on foot up the Nicolai Thal, immediately finding stronger evidence of the absence of rain, and a warmer climate. The produce was rich and luxuriant; lizards reappeared; beautiful grasshoppers, with deep-red underwings, were flying about like moths; and flowers appeared everywhere. The Nicolai Thal is very beautiful. It is very narrow, almost ravine-like in its character, but throughout richly cultivated. We saw evident and wide-spread traces of the earthquake which desolated the valley

and nearly destroyed the village of St. Nicolai just a year previously. Great trees lay about in all attitudes;—some broken short off; others still producing leaves, but lying almost on the surface of the ground; thickets swept down; rocks scattered about; great masses of earth and mud blocking up the pathway, and apparently ready again to slide down after rain: all showed the violence of the catastrophe. The earthquake itself lasted but a few seconds, but the mountain sides continued to keep tumbling down for some time; and we were told that the path which was passable in the morning was frequently destroyed before night. The shock was felt at Geneva.

We reached the curious little village of St. Niclaus at about half-past six o'clock. It a good deal resembles Unterseen, but the houses are browner, and are dotted about without any apparent attempt at plan. There is now a very comfortable little inn; but till within a short time the only abode for travellers was the house of the hospitable curé. The bedrooms at the inn are oddly arranged: there is one group of four with an entrance only through the middle room. We wished to avoid the necessity of giving free passage to other travellers, and therefore secured two of the inner rooms.

On Tuesday morning, the 22nd, we started for Zermatt about eight o'clock. We had sent some stockings to be washed over night, and fortunately got them back before starting, but in an undried state; they were therefore sewn to the knapsack, and hung out to dry as we went along. This contributed a little to our usual rather independent look. We reached Zermatt about half-past twelve, after a magnificent walk through a deep valley, with the snow-mountains at its termination.

## CHAP. VI.

## ZERMATT TO CHAMOUNI.

ZERMATT is grandly situated, surrounded on all sides by the most lofty snow-mountains, and with the remarkable Gorner glacier descending into the valley. We dined at Zermatt, and then ascended to the hotel on the Riffelberg. Many grand excursions may be made from Zermatt, more conveniently than from the Riffelberg; but there are many more to which the Riffelberg is on the way. The ascent of the Riffelberg is steep and picturesque, a considerable part of the way being through a pine forest. It took us about two hours and a half. On arriving at the hotel, a curious scene presented itself. A party of fifteen, including the guides, had just returned from an unsuccessful attempt to ascend Monte Rosa, which they had been prevented from accomplishing by the violence of the wind within 500 feet of the summit. The guides were standing about in groups, Ulrich Lauener towering above the rest, with his broad shoulders, strong sinewy frame, and fine open



countenance, looking the picture of a man to whom you would entrust your life among the precipices, and well deserving the name given him by the guides of "The Tschingel King." All had half-shut, red, ferret-looking eyes, the evident result of hours on the snow. Lauener was engaged, and we inquired for "Zum Tauchwald," whom we had been recommended to take as our guide over the St. Theodule pass. We found he was one of those who had just come down from Monte Rosa; and after a little conversation we engaged him as our guide, in addition to our constant faithful friend Zimmerman. Monte Rosa is not to be seen from the Riffelberg, as intervening mountains shut it out from view; and we therefore immediately set out with Zum Tauchwald to see the sunset on Monte Rosa. The point we reached was extremely grand, beyond comparison the most glorious we had seen, and only surpassed by a view from a more distant point, which we reached the following morning. The double-peaked Monte Rosa was immediately before us, shining gloriously, undimmed by the smallest cloud. To the left the Weiss Thor, and the Cima di Jazzi; to the right the Lyskamm, Breithorn, Petit Mont Cervin, and the stupendous Matterhorn, rising, like an obelisk or some Egyptian sphinx, with upraised head,

distinct and separate from the rest of the mountains. On all sides were gigantic mountains, and all, in the direction of Monte Rosa, covered almost entirely with snow. In that direction there was hardly anything but snow to be seen: at our feet the great Gorner glacier, silent and still, as if it were perpetually at rest, frozen and fixed for ever, instead of being in everlasting motion, slowly but certainly travelling to the valley, and thence to its rest in the far-distant ocean. There was no sound but the faint murmur of the river under the glacier. All the surface streams were frozen to sleep for the night. The pink glow of sunset soon painted Monte Rosa and the other snow summits; twilight came on, the stars began to appear, and we retired to rest, enchanted with the glories of Monte Rosa.

The next day, Wednesday the 23rd, we had planned to make some short excursion in the neighbourhood. Accordingly, after breakfast, we set out for the Gorner Grat, a rocky mountain in the same direction as we went the previous evening, but considerably further, and much higher. We consequently had a view of the same character and of the same mountains as yesterday, but more extensive and much grander. In our whole journey we saw nothing to equal it. All the great passes were to be seen from our position:

we saw the passage of the Weiss Thor, of the Cima di Jazzi, the pass to Macugnaga, the St. Theodule, and the Dent d'Erin. We then went to a point commanding a view of the Findelen glacier, and returned to the inn. We might have done rather more; but our guide probably wished for an easy day between the ascent of Monte Rosa and the St. Theodule pass. After dinner we went out, without a guide, for a little exploration by ourselves, and reached a point where we had a fine view over the Gorner glacier, and returned to supper.

On Thursday, the 24th, we were called soon after three o'clock, and started at about a quarter before five o'clock. In all glacier and snow expeditions, it is very desirable to start at the earliest hour possible; travelling over the snow and ice is much easier, and safer, before the sun begins to melt the surface. We were accompanied by a German gentleman, named Justus Websky, with whom we travelled for nearly a fortnight, and whom we found a most agreeable companion. He was provided with a guide; and we were accompanied by Zum Tauchwald and Zimmerman. The morning was beautifully fine, and the mountains were bright and clear. We soon came to the Gorner glacier, reaching it by a precipitous, rocky descent. We climbed over the moraine and up the

rather steep side of the glacier. We found the crevasses numerous, and we had to ascend and descend several slippery hills; but we had good guides, and got on without difficulty: we had to cross another moraine before we reached the broad snow-covered glacier, which was our highway over the pass. Soon after we commenced the ascent of this "grand plateau," we had the great pleasure of seeing some chamois,—two old ones, and a young one; they crossed our path at some distance, quite out of shot, but near enough for us to see them very distinctly. They stopped several times to look at us, and at last disappeared at the side of the glacier.

We found some fragments of clothes, and various bones, which were supposed to be the remains of a man and a mule which were lost on the pass. The views on the ascent were very grand; and the walking was generally firm and easy, although rather steep. After about two hours' walking, we turned off the snow to the right up some very steep rocks of considerable elevation, at the top of which we breakfasted, having again reached the snow. We here arrived at the route over the St. Theodule pass from Zermatt. This avoids all crevasses, and has been traversed on horseback; but it must be a laborious day's work for a horse. After breakfast,

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we again proceeded, and soon arrived at the summit of the pass, where we paused to examine the cabin, in which De Saussure spent several days. We found a supply of crockery, some meal, and a few things left by previous visitors for the use of travellers. Just before reaching the summit, we met a party coming from the Val Tournanche. We, of course, halted for a few minutes' conversation; and it was curious to watch them, as they left us, travelling over the snow, in all probability the only human beings within several miles of us. We descended very rapidly; the guides knew there were no crevasses, and we accordingly went along fearlessly. On arriving at "dry land," we stopped for lunch, admiring the beautiful anemones flowering at the very edge of the snow. We then proceeded on our way down the Val Tournanche, a valley of the wildest grandeur. No scenery of the kind, that we saw either before or after, equals it for romantic grandeur. It has the Salvator Rosa character of the ascent from Lauterbrunnen, but it combines with it the furious torrents of the Via Mala, and the narrow, ravine-like character of parts of the St. Gothard pass.

We reached the picturesque village of Tournanche, and halted at a most miserable inn, the landlord of which has a very Italian bandit appearance. We

allowed Zum Tauchwald to return from here, and proceeded with Zimmerman, and the guide of our friend Websky. We had hardly set out, when a violent storm of rain and thunder and lightning overtook us. The inn at Tournanche was too wretched to allow us to think of remaining there for the night; and we accordingly marched on regardless of the storm. It lasted about an hour; but as it took us four hours to get to Chatillon, we had plenty of time to get dry before our arrival. The whole route was very beautiful; but during the latter part of our march the clouds rather hid the beauties. We passed the remarkable remains of a Roman aqueduct on the side of the mountains.

At Chatillon, we found ourselves again completely in Italy. The character of the hotel, with its open corridors and large *salle-à-manger*, well protected with Venetian blinds, evidenced a more southern climate; while the vines, trailed over the court-yards of the houses, and now beginning to be loaded with heavy bunches of grapes, contributed to form a striking contrast to the snow pass of St. Theodule. Chatillon is finely situated, and tempts one to stay either there or at the neighbouring baths, and make excursions about the beautiful neighbourhood. There are numerous old castles, slightly

modernised and inhabited, scattered all along the valley. The torrent descending through the Val Tournanche, rushes through a deep ravine, under the window of the hotel, and passes first under a very handsome new bridge, spanning the ravine, and then under two very ancient bridges, each of a single span, now no longer passable.

On Friday, the 25th, we set out in a carriage for Aosta, intending, if possible, to sleep at the convent of the Great St. Bernard. Our guides were unable to find a pair-horse carriage, and we therefore took two, each drawn by one horse. We three travellers went in the first, and our two guides in the second. The pace was remarkably slow, but the valley was very beautiful and the day fine. The only disadvantage, therefore, of our tardy progress was, that we arrived at Aosta too late to be able to reach St. Bernard that night. The whole blame, however, of this disappointment must not rest with the horse and his driver, as it would have been necessary to start some hours earlier to have accomplished our object. It takes seven hours to reach the convent from Aosta. The Roman remains at Aosta are very remarkable, especially two fine arches, under which the road passes, and which are in excellent preservation. We dined at Aosta, and then, giving up St. Bernard, we

set out in another carriage, with two horses, for St. Didier. Our friend Websky went on the box, and the guides travelled inside with us. The beauty of the valley continued the whole way, but evening came on before we reached St. Didier, and we could only dimly see the grandeur of the mountains we were approaching. We reached St. Didier about nine o'clock, and obtained comfortable quarters at the hotel. From our bed-rooms we had a grand view of Mont Blanc, rising precipitously before us. It was our plan to ascend Mont Cramont the following morning, and we accordingly secured a guide before retiring to rest.

The next morning, Saturday the 26th, was very fine, and we had a splendid view of Mont Blanc, the Col du Géant, and the Grandes Jorasses, while getting up. We started at about half-past six o'clock. The ascent begins immediately on leaving the hotel, and proceeds rather steeply for a long distance through picturesque woods. On emerging from the woods, the ascent soon becomes very steep, and so continues up grassy slopes, till near the top, where vegetation ceases, and gives way to rock and snow. The views on the ascent, and especially from the summit, are very grand. At the foot of an immense precipice lies Cormayeur, and Mont Blanc rises precipitously beyond. The Glacier de Miage and the Allée



Blanche lie between Courmayeur and the foot of Mont Blanc. To the right, the pass of the Col du Géant is seen distinctly; further to the right, the Col Ferret, and at the end of a long chain of mountains are seen Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn. To the left is a succession of pointed peaks, which have been often, and not unaptly, compared to the leaves of an artichoke. Their number and shape, to a considerable extent, justify the comparison. At the back is a grand chain of mountains, covered with snow and glaciers, and the panorama is thus made complete. Ritter, the German geographer, says that it is the only European scene approaching the Himalayas in character and grandeur. After staying for about two hours to lunch and enjoy the scenery, we descended by the same route: there is no other way to ascend the mountain. We reached St. Didier about two o'clock; and after the usual battle with an Italian landlord on paying the bill, we walked to Courmayeur. We arrived just in time for the late table-d'hôte; and after a very hasty toilet, which still left us in rough marching order, we joined the fashionable assemblage. We found about eighty people at dinner, all fashionably dressed, and forming a striking contrast to us in our travelling costume. We had an excellent dinner, and then, like the rest

of the world, promenaded up and down the street. It was a fête day in the neighbouring village, the peasants having been dancing all day, and the village of Courmayeur seemed also in a great state of excitement. The street was full of peasants, who were continually laying trains of gunpowder, and delighting themselves with perpetual explosions. We then went into the "salon de société," where we found a large party of Italians, ladies, gentlemen, and children, all engaged in playing at some game of guessing words by asking and answering questions. We engaged one of the Proments as our guide for the following day, and retired early to rest.

On Sunday morning, July 27th, we started about a quarter to five o'clock, the morning being fine and the views of the precipitous sides of Mont Blanc and the Grandes Jorasses being quite clear. We found young Proment a good guide and a very intelligent fellow. He gave us a good deal of information about the mode of life of the peasants of the neighbourhood. It seems that the pasturage of the surrounding mountains has become the property of some of the peasants, and that consequently the system on which the cows are managed is different from that in most parts of Switzerland, where the mountains belong to the community. Here each peasant receives a certain sum for

the use of his cows during the time they are in the mountains, the proprietor of the pasturage having the produce. The amount paid for each cow varies from ten to fourteen francs, according to the yield of milk. The average yield is ascertained by milking the cow about a week before she goes to the mountains, and again on her return, the total produce of each day being weighed. Very few of the peasants go out as day labourers, but most of them possess a certain tract of land, where they grow the hay which is to serve as the food of the cows in winter. This is often insufficient for the number of cows kept, but in the neighbouring vale of Aosta there is usually more hay grown than the peasants require, and therefore an interchange of produce takes place. Cheese and butter are given in exchange for hay. Many of the peasants have little or no fuel, and during the winter depend for their warmth on the society of the cows, which live in the same dwellings as their owners.

The glaciers of the Allée Blanche, especially the Glacier de Miage, are very striking, the moraines being quite of a mountainous character. The Lake of Combal has been formed principally by this glacier blocking up the valley. The ascent of the Col de la Seigne is not picturesque, its charm being derived solely from the vicinity of the Mont Blanc chain. This had

become covered with clouds, and consequently we were deprived of much of the beauty of the pass. We descended to Motet, where we had arranged to dine at some wretched chalets, now converted into two miserable inns. The fare was worse than we expected, the meat being too high to eat, and the wine too sour to drink. We therefore contented ourselves with potatoes, eggs, and an omelette. A marmot had just been shot, and, wishing to preserve the teeth as a memento, we asked for the head, which was readily given us, the landlady chopping it off with a hatchet.

After our repast we set out for the Col des Fours on our way to Contamines. The track turns sharp to the right over pastures and land covered with rank weeds growing in a damp soil. As it ascends, it leads among great slabs of slate, over which the streams pour in wide sheets of water. A steep loose slaty bank succeeds, after which all vegetation ceases, and after a considerable extent of most desolate rock and snow, a steep bank of loose slate, resting on a very wet and muddy foundation, is reached, with frequent patches of snow, and the summit is then soon gained. It is an ascent of considerable labour.

On reaching the summit, the slope being towards the north, we found the descent of a very different character. For a very considerable distance

we saw nothing but snow, with a few small tracts of rock. We slid down the first declivity, and then made our way to a rocky bed of sandstone, which we all simultaneously compared to a glacier. There were ridges with crevasse-like fissures, and the surface even had a kind of glacier-like texture. We next came to a mass of slaty rock, lying vertically, which looked exactly like a mass of schoolboys' slates set up edgewise. We passed some precipitous rocks, of moderate height, where a mule and its driver were both killed only a month previously. The pass was covered with snow, which concealed the precipice, down which the muleteer and his mule fell and were killed. For a very considerable distance the descent was of a rocky, difficult character, but we afterwards reached a most beautiful park-like valley, where magnificent fir trees and groups were scattered about like an English park. Near Nantbourant we turned a few yards out of the road to visit a beautiful waterfall. The whole journey to Contamines from the summit of the Col des Fours was very interesting and beautiful. We reached our destination about seven o'clock. Contamines is well situated in the wide fertile valley of Montjoie, with Mont Joli on the left and Mont Blanc on the right. Our inn, the "Union," was comfortable enough, and the cooking very good, but the cook had to do almost

everything in the house, as she was the only regular servant, and therefore we had to wait long for our supper, while she caught, killed, and plucked the chicken, and prepared every dish from its rude state of nature to its civilised state, when it appeared before us. To hungry men, after a fourteen hours' walk, this was rather disagreeable.

On Monday morning, the 28th, we set out, after a late breakfast, for Chamouni. The path was through rich corn-fields, with fine mountain views, till we turned to the right at Bionay towards Bionassay, where we entered some more woodland scenery. The views of the glacier of Bionassay, and of the summit of Mont Blanc, were very fine. It was from this point that Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Hudson last year ascended Mont Blanc without guides. We had thought it unnecessary to take a local guide, and, contrary to our usual practice, had started with a determination to find our own way. We were glad, however, to take a labourer out of the hay-fields at Bionassay, to guide us to the Pavilion on the Col de Voza. Had we not done so, we should probably have followed our own guide, who was on his way to the Col to the left of the Glacier de Bionassay. The view of the vale of Chamouni from the Pavilion is very fine. We reached Chamouni about six o'clock.

## CHAP. VII.

## CHAMOUNI TO PARIS.—AND THE RETURN HOME.

THE following morning, Tuesday the 29th, we consulted Balmat, the chief guide, who planned three days' excursions for us, and provided us with a guide, also named Balmat. According to his advice, we made our first excursion to the Plan or Plateau des Aiguilles. This is but seldom visited. It is a steep climb, but not attended with any difficulty. It lies to the right of the Glacier des Bossons, and the extreme point is only three hours from the Grand Mulets. The passage to the summit of Mont Blanc is well seen. We ascended in three hours, and were fortunate in having a beautiful day with unclouded views of Mont Blanc.

The next day, the 30th, we went up to the Jardin, starting a little before six o'clock. The walk to the Montanvert is easy enough, although steep occasion-

ally. Shortly after leaving this first station, the path arrives at "Les Ponts," some steep rocks where you have to climb along the perpendicular face, placing your feet in holes cut for the purpose. Shortly after this point, we descended to the glacier. Our guide did not seem at all at home on the ice, and found great difficulty in piloting us through the crevasses. We were accompanied by some other friends, and finding that Balmat was not very skilful, we divided into two parties, and those who remained with Balmat were soon left far in the rear. However we all joined, after a time, on the Mer de Glace. The next difficulty is the Egralets, a series of rocks between the Mer de Glace and the Jardin, where the passage lies through very narrow crevices and up the rather steep face of the rocks. On reaching the summit of these rocks we had to cross some steep banks of melting snow, and then we arrived at the Jardin. It took us about five hours and a half from Chamouni. The view from the Jardin is very beautiful, but the verdure of the Jardin itself disappointed us. It is very inferior to the generality of Alpine pastures, and is only remarkable from its isolation among snow and ice. The numerous Aiguilles, the Jorasses, the Passage of the Col du Géant, and Mont Blanc itself, are all beautifully seen from the Jardin, and form a fine panorama. We



stayed about two hours, and then descended at a moderate rate, reaching Chamouni about six o'clock.

On Thursday morning, the 31st., we bade adieu to Chamouni, starting about eleven o'clock for Mont Brevent, on our way, we hoped, to the Buet. The day was again all that could be wished, and after a sharp climb, through "the Chimney," we reached the summit, and had a splendid view of Mont Blanc and the whole chain of that range of mountains, from the Pavilion on the Col de Voza on the right, to the Col de Balme on the left. We descended on the opposite side, towards the Valley of Dionza. Our guide took us down some difficult precipices, keeping on the side of the mountains instead of descending the valley. He told us he wished to take us a short cut, but when he had entirely lost his way, he admitted he had never been the way in which he was taking us. We were soon involved in considerable difficulties. We became quite entangled in a mass of precipitous rocks, where the climbing was very difficult. On extricating ourselves from these, we found ourselves on the steep side of the mountain, on ground covered with luxuriant grass and weeds, about two feet high, hiding all the large stones and deep holes. We had to probe our way with our alpenstocks as if we were searching for crevasses. We suddenly came to a great precipice,

and had consequently to alter our course, and descend the face of the mountain. We then got into a thick copse of strong bushes, growing about twenty feet high, with strong stems. Through these we had to thread our way, carefully creeping through the boughs. We occasionally, however, found these boughs of great service, for the descent was often very rapid, and we were glad to hold on while we gradually let ourselves down. The flowers were very beautiful and in the greatest profusion. At length we reached the valley, and got on well enough till about eight o'clock. Our guide then told us we had come too far, and we had to retrace our steps. It was getting on towards nine o'clock when we reached our destination, the "Châlets de Villy."

We had expected rough quarters, but the "Châlets" exceeded our expectations in this respect. The floor was damp earth, the air was overcharged with the smell of milk and cheese, and the sleeping accommodations were such, that a clean English barn with good straw would indeed have been a luxury in comparison. The men of the Châlet, however, were excellent, obliging people. They had two beds, which they gave up to us. Our guides settled to sleep on the tables, but there were three of us to divide between two beds, and therefore of course there were two in the largest and one in the smallest bed. The beds, however, must

be described. They consisted of fir poles laid together so as to form a sort of box or framework. This was filled with very rough straw, over which was loosely thrown a rough kind of sheet, and over this a rough article for a counterpane. When you crept in between these two articles, you were in bed. It was essential to lie still, otherwise the sheet soon got rolled up, and you found yourself in the straw. Till you got used to it too, the straw was disagreeable about your head, as it was apt to get into the hair, ears, eyes, and nose. The fleas were merciless. However, the men were soon asleep, and there was, for a time, no sound but the rushing torrent, the tinkling of the bells of the cows, about two or three hundred in number, which were all lodged in their stables for the night, and the mice creeping about in our beds. Sleep at length came to us travellers, and we managed to get some rest. But about two o'clock in the morning our industrious hosts were at work churning, cheese-making, or doing something which made a great and most unaccountable noise.

There were, however, intervals of comparative quiet, and we managed to dose on till about five o'clock, when we got up, washed in a mountain-stream, and used our blouses for towels. We then came in and breakfasted, as we had supped, on black bread and

hot milk. The milk was excellent, but the black bread was hard and sour, and bread and milk is not good food to work hard on, till you get used to it.

We had quite lost confidence in our guide, and had therefore engaged one of the inhabitants of the Châlet to guide us to the top of the Col de Sallenton, and we agreed to settle on our arrival at that point whether we should ascend the Buet. We started about half-past six o'clock. On arriving at the top of the Col we found that our bad night's rest, and insufficient or unaccustomed food, had rather told on us, and we therefore determined to give up the ascent of "Le Buet." We had a long day before us, our destination being Martigny, and the guide from the Châlet had never ascended the mountain. We accordingly began our descent down a steep bank of snow; and thence by the Val Orcine, over the Tête Noire, and Col Forclaz to Martigny, where we arrived about eight o'clock. The passage of the Tête Noire, and the descent from thence to Martigny, are very fine.

We now considered our journey nearly at an end. From hence all was plain sailing and no more adventure. On Friday, the 1st August, we slept at Martigny, and on the following day we drove to Villeneuve, and thence went by the steamboat to Geneva. The

drive from Martigny to Villeneuve is extremely fine, but it should be seen in the contrary direction. The fine views were all behind us. We took up our quarters at Geneva, at the excellent Hôtel des Bergues.

On Sunday morning, the 3rd August, we had a most delightful bathe in the beautiful clear blue Rhone, in the public bath.

The river rushes through the bath with such impetuosity that the number of bathers cannot be felt as any detriment to the beautiful purity of the river. We passed the day quietly, the heat being burning.

On Monday the 4th, we made various little purchases, and were shopping and strolling about the city all day.

On Tuesday the 5th, we took leave of our friend Websky, went by the diligence to Dôle, thence by railway to Paris, where we arrived in about twenty-four hours from Geneva; stayed one day in Paris, and reached London in the evening of Thursday, August the 7th.

## CHAP. VIII.

## LUGGAGE AND DRESS.

I MUST say a few words about luggage and dress. Most people take too much, some too little, and, as usual, the difficulty is to hit the happy medium. I cannot go so far as those adventurous Alpine travellers, who go up the highest mountains without a guide, and who consider it quite superfluous to put on any clothing when they go to bed, provided there are sheets to the bed; who wash in a stream, and allow the sun to perform the drying duties of a towel; who think a waterproof coat a nuisance, and when it rains take off their coat, waistcoat (if they allow themselves such a superfluity), and shirt, and put them safely in their knapsack till the rain is over, and who have even been known to quarrel about carrying the luggage, when that luggage consisted of nothing but five cakes of soap and five tooth-brushes. Nor, indeed, can I quite recommend the imitation of two, comparatively, more luxurious travellers whom my friend

Mr. N., an enthusiastic Alpinist, met. They were both Russians, and when the travellers halted at some frontier for the examination of luggage, a small writing-case looking box was all that these gentlemen produced. My friend Mr. N. observed that they were not troubled with much luggage. "No," they observed, "we are old travellers: we used to encumber ourselves with portmanteaus and other contrivances for the annoyance of travellers: year by year, however, we reduced our requirements. Last year we had each two shirts, two coats,—in fact, two of everything,—and we found we were plagued out of our lives with a perfect confusion of clothes. This year all is contained in this little box." The time came for the little box to be opened, and it was found to contain a large Gazetteer, which nearly filled it, the space around being devoted to a few indispensable articles; and their whole luggage was thus reduced to almost as small proportions as that of the guideless Alpinists.

I think these gentlemen all went to the extreme. Before leaving England I submitted my list of clothes, &c. to an experienced Alpinist, who remorselessly struck out one article after another, much to the amusement of my assembled friends, till I was reduced nearly to the state of those travellers whose

luggage I have described. When, however, I commenced packing, I quietly reinstated many of the articles; and the conclusion at which I have arrived is, that the following is a fully sufficient list for a pedestrian "Alpiner," and comprises not only what is contained in the knapsack, but carried on the back.

Two flannel shirts (Ludlam's).	A Gibus hat (to please <i>The Times</i> ).
Two thin pairs of drawers.	A pair of sponge gloves.
Two thin flannel waistcoats.	A pair of rubbing gloves.
Three pair of woollen stockings.	A flat case to contain writing-paper and pens.
Three collars.	A small bag of camphor.
Three pocket-handkerchiefs.	An ink-bottle.
Two silk neckcloths.	A small thermometer.
One pair of gloves.	A box of screws.
Two pairs of walking boots.	Spectacles.
One pair of easy polished boots.	Two spare leather straps.
A pair of slippers.	A ball of string.
One linen shirt for a night-shirt.	A guide book.
A complete woollen suit of coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, and another suit of which the coat is of some dark colour.	A map.
A mackintosh.	Passport.
A good size cake of yellow soap in a tin case.	One extra book for a wet day.
A hair-brush.	A double opera-glass.
A tooth-brush.	A case of needles and thread.
A comb.	A courier's bag.
A flannel belt.	Medicine, if you want it, but do without it if by any means possible.
	And finally, tobacco and pipe.

I have given an ample list, some of which may easily be dispensed with among the mountains, and are



required only for towns on Sundays, and may therefore be sent on from place to place. A few of the articles enumerated require some explanation. I recommend taking drawers and flannel waistcoats, for I continually found that when I came in hot, it was very comfortable, after a good dry rub, to put on an under-waistcoat and drawers, and I have no doubt that this prevented my taking cold. A flannel belt, about four or five inches wide, is also very useful. On sitting down to dine at the top of a mountain, it is a very desirable piece of extra clothing, which can easily be carried in the pocket. Many travellers take only one pair of walking boots; but it is a great luxury after a long day's walk through the wet to have a fresh pair to put on the next day. It is also a great saving to the boots to let them now and then have a rest. If you intend much glacier travelling, a box of "screws," to be obtained at Lund's, in Fleet Street, should by no means be forgotten. They should be screwed in the boot just before going on the glacier, and unscrewed on leaving it. The flannel shirts made by Ludlam are excellent: they are made of a new kind of flannel, which is less bulky than the usual material, and does not get hard when washed. One linen shirt for night wearing I found an indispensable luxury. The only other articles requiring comment are the Turkish

gloves, to be obtained at the Homœopathic Dépôt in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. These gloves take up water like a sponge, and are invaluable for washing, especially when a pie-dish is the only wash-hand basin. They are, however, equally useful if a stream or a lake is the washing locality.

The other articles need no remark, except that, relative to the whole list, I may say

“*Experto crede.*”

## APPENDIX I.

### HEIGHTS OF MOUNTAINS AND PASSES WHICH WE ASCENDED.

	English feet above the sea.
Pass of St. Theodule . . . . .	11,185
Tschingel Glacier . . . . .	.....?
Col des Fours . . . . .	9,045
Mont Cramont . . . . .	9,040
The Görner Grat . . . . .	9,000
Mont Brevent . . . . .	8,500
The Furca Pass . . . . .	8,150
The Col de la Seigne . . . . .	8,100
The Gemmi Pass . . . . .	7,540
The Grimsel . . . . .	7,530
The Joch Pass . . . . .	7,380
The Col de Voza . . . . .	7,000
The Süsten Pass . . . . .	6,980
The Splügen Pass . . . . .	6,940
St. Gothard Pass . . . . .	6,808
The Tête Noire . . . . .	.....?
The Rigi . . . . .	5,676
The Wengern Alp . . . . .	5,350
Monte Monterone . . . . .	4,350

\* \* Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain, is  
4,408 feet high.



## APPENDIX II.

### JOURNAL OF EACH DAY'S TRAVELLING.

1856.

*June* 25.—By train from London-bridge to Folkestone, by steamer to Boulogne, and by train to Paris.

„ 26.—By train to Strasburg.

„ 27.—Crossed the Rhine to Kehl, by train to Freiburg, and on foot to Hällsteig.

„ 28.—By carriage to Schaffhausen.

„ 29.—By diligence to Zurich.

„ 30.—By steamer to Schmerikon, diligence to Wesen, steamer to Wallenstadt, and extra post to Ragatz. In the evening to Pfäfers and back.

*July* 1.—On foot to Pfäfers village, &c. By voiturier to Tusi.

„ 2.—On foot through Via Mala and to the top of the Splügen Pass. By voiturier to Chiavenna.

„ 3.—By voiturier to Colico. Rowboat and steamboat to Menaggio, carriage to Porlezza, and rowboat to Lugano.

„ 4.—By carriage to Luino, steamboat to Belgirate, on foot to Stresa, rowboat to Isola Bella, and back to Stresa.

„ 5.—Ascended Monte Monterone, by carriage from Lago d'Orta to Stresa, by steamboat to Locarno, and diligence to Bellinzona.

*July 6.*—By extra post to Andermatt, and on foot over the St. Gothard Pass.

„ 7.—On foot over the Furca Pass, Rhone Glacier, and over the Grimsel.

„ 8.—On foot to Hof.

„ 9.—On foot over the Susten Pass to Wasen, and by carriage to Amstäg.

„ 10.—On foot to Fluelen, and by steamboat to Lucerne.

„ 11.—By steamboat to Kussnacht, and on foot to Rigi-Kulm.

„ 12.—On foot down the Rigi, over Rigi Scheideck to Gersau, and by steamboat to Lucerne.

„ 13.—Day of rest.

„ 14.—By rowboat to Stanzstad, and on foot to Engelberg.

„ 15.—On foot over the Joch Pass to Meyringen.

„ 16.—On foot to Falls of the Reichenbach to Rosenlani, back to Meyringen, by carriage to Brienz, and by rowboat to Interlachen.

„ 17.—By carriage to Grindelwald, and on foot to Glacier.

„ 18.—On foot over Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen.

„ 19.—On foot over Tschingel-glacier to Kandersteg.

„ 20.—On foot over Gemmi to Leukerbad.

„ 21.—By carriage to Visp, and on foot to St. Niklaus.

„ 22.—On foot to Zermatt and Riffelberg.

„ 23.—On foot to Gorner Grat, &c.

„ 24.—On foot over Pass of St. Theodule to Chatillon.

„ 25.—By carriage to Aosta and St. Didier.

„ 26.—On foot up Mont Cramont and to Courmayeur.

„ 27.—On foot over Col de la Seigne and Col des Fours to Contamines.

„ 28.—On foot over Col de Voza to Chamouni.

„ 29.—On foot to Plan des Aiguilles.

„ 30.—On foot to Mer de Glace and Jardin.

„ 31.—On foot to the summit of the Brevent, down to the Valley of the Dionza, and to the Châlets de Villy.

- Aug.* 1.—On foot over Col de Sallenton. Val Orcine, and Tête Noire to Martigny.
- „ 2.—By carriage to Villeneuve, and steamboat to Geneva.
- „ 3 and 4.—Geneva.
- „ 5.—Geneva to Paris.
- „ 6.—Paris.
- „ 7.—Return to England.

THE END.

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